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THE
POLITICAL PROGRESS
OF
BRITAIN:
OR, AN
IMPARTIAL HISTORY
OF
ABUSES IN THE GOVERNMENT
OF THE
BRITISH EMPIRE,
IN

Europe, Asia, and America.

FROM THE REVOLUTION, IN 1688, TO THE PRESENT TIME:

THE WHOLE TENDING TO PROVE THE RUINOUS CONSEQUENCES OF
THE POPULAR SYSTEM OF

TAXATION, WAR, AND CONQUEST.

NOW BARRABAS WAS A ROBBER.

PART SECOND.

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E R R A T A.

WHEN this work went to press, the author was at some distance in the country ; and this is perhaps the cause of a few errors in printing. Two, which affect the sense, are here corrected.

On page 55, line 7 from the bottom, *dele* the sum, and say, " one hundred and thirty-two pounds, six shillings, and eight-pence."

On page 70, line 19 from the top, for *twenty* read *ten*.

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THE POLITICAL PROGRESS

OF

B R I T A I N.

P A R T S E C O N D.

C H A P. I.

Remarks on historical composition—Obstacles to a genuine history of Britain—Frequent absurdity of panegyric—Fletcher of Saltun—His defence of personal slavery—A scene in Parliament.

WRITERS upon education recommend the study of history. Almost every historian vindicates the system of war and conquest, and represents, as patterns of excellence, incendiaries, who were remarkable for nothing but their crimes. Military glory must always be founded on justice, without which it is military infamy. The brave men who defended the pass at Thermopylæ, or the entrenchments at Breed's-hill, would be degraded by a comparison with the slavish hirelings who attacked them. To put authors, like Cæsar and Quinctius Curtius, who never dreamed of this important distinction, into the hand of a boy at school, is the most certain way to stifle his feelings of humanity. A journal of the shambles of a butcher would be less hurtful to the morals of young men than most of our historical compositions. Had the first battle upon record been fought yesterday, the narrative would have filled every eye with tears, and every

heart with horror. But by the familiar perusal of Cæsar, and other writers of that class, we have become accustomed to hear, with as much indifference, of the massacre of two hundred thousand people in a single day, as if they had been only a nest of hornets.

One chief incentive to British wars hath been the inflammatory and vaunting style of most of our historians. Violations of public faith have been applauded, and acts of barbarity related with exultation. Volumes upon volumes have resounded panegyric portraits of kings and courtiers, who were in reality the dregs of the human race. Profligate factions have been successively extolled, while "between two thieves, whig and tory, the nation hath been crucified."*

Books are written that they may be read, and mankind dislike to hear much either about their ancestors or themselves, unless the tale is sweetened with a dose of adulation. If Livy, instead of flattering the vanity of his countrymen, had honestly reminded them of their crimes, he might have composed a much better book than he has done, but his remaining decades would hardly have descended to the eighteenth century. In Britain, men of independent fortune will seldom submit to the drudgery of writing history; and little can be expected from an author whose dinner depends upon the sale of his book. The former, such as Clarendon and Burnet, have commonly been actors in the scenes which they describe, and though, like these two writers, they may possess candour and sincerity, they insensibly shrink into apologists of a party. The very title page of Clarendon, announces him as a partizan, and I once heard Sir John Dalrymple say, that "Burnet had written a history of two thousand pages, and he believed, upon his honour,

* Burgh's Political Disquisitions, Vol. I. page 402.

“that it contained two thousand mistakes.” As to persons who write for subsistence, they have neither leisure nor money to spend upon obtaining access to public and private repositories of state papers ; and even if they could do so, the bookseller, who is to risque perhaps a thousand guineas upon the publication, remains to be consulted. His wishes extend only to a profitable return for the advance of his money ; and he would reject, with ridicule and alarm, any original materials that might endanger the popularity of the work. This explanation accounts for a multitude of insignificant histories of England, that, within the last fifty years, have crawled into existence, and out of it, and that are equally unworthy of praise or censure. The compilation of Dr. Smollet continues to be read. It was manufactured as merely for wages, as a pair of boots, or a roll of tobacco.

But, though men of independent fortune, and superior information, have usually condescended to become the organs of a party, the remark admits of exceptions. About twenty years ago, Sir John Dalrymple, and Mr. Macpherson, began to rend asunder the veil which has covered so great a proportion of our deeds of darkness. At a considerable expence, they obtained access to authentic historical resources, which had escaped the notice of their predecessors, or were placed beyond their reach. They communicated their discoveries to the world. They laid open an abyss of political perfidy. Their enquiries as far as hitherto published, commence in 1660, and terminate in 1714 ; they have ascertained that Lord Russel and Sidney, and other eminent patriots were pensioners to France ; and that the very whig leaders, who accomplished the Revolution, strained every nerve to reverse it. Almost the whole ministers in the service of William corresponded with James. Russel gained the victory at La Hogue, in 1692, against his will, and entirely by the precipitancy of

the French admiral, who was not in the secret of his projected treachery. In 1691, an agent from King James "was surprized to find Churchill, (afterwards Duke of Marlborough,) *the greatest penitent imaginable*. He begged him to assure the king of "his sincere repentance, and to intercede for mercy; "that he was ready to redeem his apostacy with the "hazard of his utter ruin, *his crimes appearing so horrid to him, that he could neither sleep nor eat, in continual anguish.*"* He had been one of the "Corinthian pillars" of the revolution. It was in some such fit of remorse, that he betrayed the Breff expedition. On the 11th of April, 1713, he wrote a letter to the elector of Hanover, containing these words: "I intreat you to be persuaded that I shall "be always ready to hazard my fortune and my "life for your service. All good Englishmen ought "to be of the same sentiments in regard to you, as "they cannot hope for the salvation of their country, but *from you alone.*"† This was the penitent, whose share in the guilt of the revolution, would neither permit him to eat nor sleep.

The discoveries of Sir John Dalrymple and Mr. Macpherson alarmed the posterity of some persons thus transferred to the pillory of fame. The nation at large joined in the clamour. They *loved darkness rather than light*, and preferred favourite fables to the blunt intrusion of unpalatable truth. Two historians, to whom their country ought to have erected statues, became the objects of abuse and calumny. Sir John Dalrymple, in the preface to his second volume of memoirs, relates, that for the sake of personal tranquility, he had found it adviseable to suppress the sequel of his researches. He could not continue to publish them without offending families, with whom he was desirous to live in friendship. The annals of Britain, if composed as they ought to

* Macpherson's State Papers, Dublin edition, vol. 1. page 235.

† Ibid vol. 2, page 488.

be, are too black, too detestable, to support a perusal. Mr. Macpherson adverts to the difficulty or impossibility of procuring access to papers lodged in public offices. The cabinet trembles to establish a precedent for the exposure of ministerial iniquity. The inference is, that a government, which shrinks from examination, is not worth its room. For the inspection of private repositories, Mr. Macpherson made few applications; "and in no one of these, he had the good fortune to succeed. Men having become distrustful of the principles of their ancestors, are, from selfish views, interested in their reputation. With a preposterous shew of attachment to their progenitors, they seem to think, that to conceal their actions is *the only way to preserve their fame*.* Mr. Macpherson seems, however, to have suppressed the latter part of his discoveries. He says, that he had in his hands many letters, and other papers, concerning the reign of George the First, and that they shall "be *soon* given to the public."† He has not yet executed his promise. A quotation from this gentleman, was made one of the pretences for my prosecution at Edinburgh. His work has been before the public since the year 1775, and the court of judicature may still find the author himself in the house of commons. Sir John Sinclair, in the preface to his second volume of the history of the public revenue of Britain, complains, like Mr. Macpherson, that he was refused assistance at the public offices. These particulars fully shew, that administration feels the propriety of shrouding some of its transactions in an impenetrable mist. With this material obstruction upon one side, and the risk of popular calumny on the other, it will be found, that to publish an impartial British history, is both a difficult and dangerous undertaking. In the face of authentic history, and of common sense, the

* State Papers, vol. I. p. 6.

† Ibid. vol. 2. p. 657.

whig club at London, persist in celebrating their name-fakes of the last century. The revolution is the national hobby-horse. One would imagine that British historians and their readers had determined to shut their eyes against the light of that understanding which they employ on all ordinary subjects. The following example affords an evidence of this observation.

Mr. Andrew Fletcher, of Saltoun, is one of the most celebrated patriots in the modern history of Scotland. His ardent zeal for the liberty of mankind in general, and his peculiar enthusiasm for the rights and independence of his country, have passed almost into a proverb. The society of united Irishmen in Dublin, in an address, about three years ago, to the political apothecaries in Scotland, call it "the land "where Buchanan wrote, and *Fletcher spoke*, and "Wallace fought." This champion of *liberty* composed a discourse in defence of personal *slavery*. It is dated in 1698; and begins, by describing the wretched condition of Scotland at that time.* The writer then mentions the practice of liberating slaves, introduced, as he seems to think, by the christian clergy. But, here Mr. Fletcher is mistaken in point of fact; for this custom was frequent in all the ages of Greece and Rome. After the battle of Cannæ, for instance, the Roman Senate purchased eight thousand slaves, gave them freedom, and enrolled them in the legions. Hannibal had taken prisoners about an equal number of Roman citizens. Livy says, that the senate refused to ransom them though they could have been relieved for less money than the slaves cost them. The *fathers* were deaf to tears and supplications. This, by the way, shews for what kind of *liberty* the common citizens of Rome were then fighting. What would the people of America think of a Congress, that should refuse to redeem a

* *Supra*, Part I. chap. 3.

number of prisoners taken in war, but placed in their room as many negroes. Such was the paternal tenderness of the Senate; the people submitted; and this was Roman *liberty*. Hundreds of other examples may be given of the manumission of slaves; so that christianity was not the original cause of this custom. Mr. Fletcher says, that "this is the rise of that great mischief, under which, *to the undoing of the poor*, all the nations of Europe, have ever since groaned. Because, in ancient times, so long as a man was *the riches*, and part of the possession of another, every man was provided for, in meat, clothes, and lodging."* The state of slaves among the ancients, cannot make a lover of mankind wish for its revival. A Roman had been murdered, and perhaps very justly, by one of his slaves, who could not be discovered. The whole body, to the amount of four hundred, were executed by order of the senate; and Tacitus, who tells the story, has not disapproved their sentence. Mr. Fletcher regrets the modern necessity for "hospitals and alms-houses," which he ascribes entirely to the abolition of slavery. He then proceeds through ten pages, to relate his plan for introducing it, and to enumerate and refute the objections that might be started against it. Such was the bulwark of Scotch *liberty*.

Besides their inaccuracy, English historians are often too bulky to convey general information. A tradesman should understand for what reason fixpence, from every shilling of his earnings, goes to a flock of cormorants; and yet, after all that we have printed, he will be perplexed where to find an explanation. Political pamphlets are chiefly constructed to serve temporary ends, and, by them he is as likely to be deceived as informed. He has not leisure to wade through historical compilations, of two, three, or four thousand pages; and even if he could

* Political works, &c. printed at Glasgow, in 1749, p. 89.

find time to read them, "the two grains of wheat" are buried under two bushels of chaff." He is bewildered in the tumultuous description of coronations and birth-days, of place-men kissing his majesty's hand, and of parliament discharging the debts of the civil list. He sees no end of marches and battles, pursuits and sieges; and, even amidst the detail of treaties, he often cannot tell why a war was begun, what it cost, or what was gained or lost by its conclusion. The historian usually complains, that his countrymen have made an inglorious peace, but he dares not tell them, that they commenced an unprovoked, and most atrocious war. In every foreign quarrel, justice, valour, and humanity, distinguish the councils and exertions of Britain, from the poltroonery and perfidy of France and Spain. We print whole libraries in this beautiful style, and we are surprized when other nations ridicule and detest us. If an administration happens to be successful, we do not wish to scrutinize the imperfections of a cabinet covered with laurels. If half a British army has by chance, been cut to pieces, it is a *check*, or an *affair*. The gazette suppresses two-thirds of our loss, and doubles that of the victors. The state is now declared to be in danger. This is no fit season to murmur about the jockeyship of a prince of Wales, the extravagance of his mistress, the ruin of his creditors, and the murder of his footman. We scorn to waste time on the venality of rotten boroughs, the suspension of *habeas corpus*, or the iniquity of excise laws. The terms of a loan are not worth discussion, when we dread for the untarnished honour of the British Lion. Every honest subject will ardently join to repel our ancient, natural and faithless enemies; for if he does not, Plymouth in six weeks, may be reduced to ashes, mass be performed at St. Paul's, and the standards of Popish tyranny stream on the tower of London. A fast is proclaimed, to imprecate perdition on twenty-seven

millions of wooden-shod, frog-eating wretches, alike detested by earth and heaven. Every pulpit echoes the war-whoop of the priesthood. The bishop prints his sermon, and the laureate chirps his ode. We are astonished that Spain should desire to recover Gibraltar and Jamaica ; so properly transferred to us by the sacred right of conquest. The massacres in Mexico and Peru, teach the spoilers of Bengal, to blush for their species. We are justly confident of crushing an adversary, paradoxically famous both for poverty and riches, and staggering under mountains of hereditary guilt. Whether we are successful or beaten, it is equally proper to persist in warfare, till the minister has expended the last shilling that he can wring from "blood-suckers and muck-worms."* He is then as meanly forsaken, as he had been meanly supported. Contracts, and lottery tickets, are no longer to be had. Three-fourths of his adherents immediately discover that the war was, on our part, unjust in its origin, and absurd in its conduct ; and that its final object was unattainable and useless. The premier spends a few days in securing pensions and patent places for himself and his most intimate associates, and then quits an office that he can hold no longer. His successor, the leader of opposition, has always railed against the war. His friends and himself are hungry, and many of them sunk in debt. He knows a more pressing use for money than to squander it on fleets and armies. He patches up a peace as quickly as he can. His predecessor, *from a seat opposite to the treasury bench*, laments the faded lustre of Britain ; tells how much better terms he would have obtained ; execrates the ignominious bargain, and the ignorance of those who made it ; and affirms, that *its authors deserve to be damned both in this world and the next.*† The resour-

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* Lord Chatham on the Monied Interest, vide. Supra, Part I. Introduction.

† These were the words of lord Carlisle, in the British house of peers, on the peace of 1782.

ces of the country were, he says, yet unexhausted, the spirit of the people unbroken, and its enemies on the verge of bankruptcy. The ambassador who put his name to such a paper, he considers as the executioner of his country. It requires all his charity to persuade himself that positive corruption has not been employed; for this treaty of peace, this first specimen of the diplomatic ability of the *new* ministry, has not only sealed the political annihilation of Britain, so lately the arbitress and the terror of Europe, but even *out-herods Herod*. The enemy have actually received conditions of peace infinitely more favourable than they had ever dared to ask. The minister *in office* rises in reply. He begins by expressing his amazement, that a man who had overwhelmed his country with infamy, should dare to speak in that house of its honour. Before he came into his present situation, which he would always be happy to quit, *when he was convinced that the service of his country required him to do so*, he had often declared his opinion of the ignorance, negligence, incapacity, and profusion of the late ministry; that they were entirely divested even of the ordinary instinctive sense of shame; and that their understandings were yet more contemptible, than their motives to action were hateful. Since he had come into office, every day, every hour, every moment, afforded him fresh proofs, that matters were a thousand degrees worse, than he had suspected them to be, or than, with all his previous knowledge of ministerial stupidity, he had conceived it possible that they could be. Wherever he looked around him, he saw nothing but blunders upon blunders, and confusion worse confounded. The pusillanimity of his predecessors to the enemies of Britain, could be equalled only by their insolence to the few friends whom their ingratitude had left us. As to the treaty before the house, the conditions were not such as he could have wished them to be, nor as they would have been, if

the late ministry had more early been driven from a situation that they so much disgraced. But the resources of the country had been so completely destroyed, the spirit of the nation had been so depressed by a succession of defeats and disasters, its antagonists were so numerous, firm, and united among themselves, that were the real situation of the parties known, the degree of advantage secured to this country, would be thought most astonishing. The records in their own offices bear witness to the disinterestedness of the late cabinet. For six days preceding their dismissions, they did nothing else but fill up warrants on the treasury, in favour of their creatures. He proceeds in this elegant style for three hours and an half, amidst the cries of *Hear him! Hear him!* from two hundred members; a practice unknown in an American Congress, and fit only for a club of drunken porters. He concludes by hoping, that his name will be abhorred by all honest men, *if he shall ever sit alone in the same room** with the gentleman over against him.—The speech itself is printed next day, in an half crown pamphlet. Ten thousand copies are sold in a twinkling; and all the world are convinced that nobody but so great an orator, could save three kingdoms from destruction. The ex-minister rejoins, while the treasury members, to shew their disrespect, adjourn by dozens, to the floor above. He begins by appealing to the speaker, as an evidence, that he can suffer impertinence and calumny with as much patience as any member in that house; and he is confident that he shall always have sufficient fortitude to hear with suitable contempt, whatever may fall from so wretched a character as the honorable secretary of state, who has just sat down. Here, he is called to order, and a racket ensues, that threatens to rend the ceiling of the room, and precipitate the peace-

* A noted saying of Charles Fox versus lord North.

able eaters of beef-steaks above their heads, to the bottom of the chapel. After half an hour of anarchy, the orator becomes audible a second time, and insists that he *is* in order. He is not a man to be brow-beaten out of his senses and his purpose. He will not suffer these walls, the last receptacle of British liberty, and to which admiring Europe looks with veneration, to be profaned by riot and disorder. He did not creep up the back-stairs into office, nor will he be silenced by a prostituted faction, who have conspired to thrust themselves into the government of the country. At this the treasury bench begin to rap the floor with their canes, while opposition bawl out, *Order! Order!* The speaker of the house, whose office, perquisites included, is only worth about eleven thousand pounds sterling a year, has not yet had time to come to a proper understanding with the new secretary. He therefore determines that the member is in order, and makes him the customary signal to proceed. The ex-minister then observes, that however disgraceful the scene of this night may be, it was nothing but what he had foretold from a gentleman so very *young in majorities*, as the present honorable secretary; that, as he had never, like some people, ruined his fortune by gambling and horse-racing, so he had never attempted to improve it at the expence of his country. He had come into office but a poor man, and he had left it without adding a shilling to his property. The speech now pronounced by the honorable secretary, was the most scurrilous, which even its author himself had ever delivered; and consequently it was the most scurrilous ever delivered in that house.* The gentleman had for eight years together, threatened to impeach him; to bring him to a black and bloody day, and to appease the genius of Albion, by his exit on the block. Animated by conscious innocence, he now called on

* William Pitt, versus Edmund Burke.

the honourable gentleman, with all the advantages of his situation, and *all his newly acquired converts at his back*, to come forward and begin his impeachment. He was sure, that he should always be ready to meet it, and should give himself but very little trouble about it.—Here a noise began, occasioned by one of the dinner-troop* returning from port, and quarrelling with a member, who, as he insisted, had, in his absence, taken his seat. After three quarters of an hour, and a dozen explanatory speeches, the house became somewhat composed, and the ex-minister again resumed the thread of his exculpation. He had hardly spoken five minutes, when the clock struck four in the morning, and about thirty members at once bawled out *Adjourn! Adjourn!* But the speaker declared, that the gentleman was arguing closely to the question, and had a title to be heard. Upon this, a few paired off, and the orator went on. He protested that he looked on the day of his dismissal from office, though fatal to his country, as the most glorious of his life; because his ruin had been effected against the sense of the people of England, by the Scotch peers, the bench of bishops, and those janizaries of the back-stairs, the lords of the bed-chamber. *Take it down! Take it down!* resounded from the treasury phalanx; upon which, with a smile of contemptuous pity, he repeated his last words. He congratulated the honorable secretary upon having at length determined on what side of the house he was to sit, because hitherto, he had seldom adhered, for half a session, to any one point of the political compass. He trusted that the honourable secretary was ready to perform all the mean, dirty, scandalous work, which *the interior cabinet* would require at his hands; work which, even among the tools of ministry, there would not be found another gentleman so base and

* Sir James Johnstone, of Westerhall. The story is well known.

abandoned as to undertake. For his own part, he cared little. But he was sorry to say, that, with regard to others besides himself, the conduct of the new secretary had been highly exceptionable. In his majesty's speech, made some days ago, to both houses, and which he was warranted to consider, and treat, as the speech of the secretary himself, "there was not a single fact asserted, which was not a falsehood. It conveyed an intolerable calumny on the people of Britain, an insinuation of *so gross and black a nature*, that it demanded the most rigorous enquiry, and the most severe punishment."* To injure his character, it had been whispered, that he meant to shun an impeachment, by taking refuge in the house of peers. He hoped that a long time would elapse, before the death of a much revered parent, should compel him to enter that hospital of incurables.† This is a faithful specimen of parliamentary debates, Like the daughters of Doris, they are not all exactly the same, but they bear a sisterly resemblance.

Facies non omnibus una,
Nec diversa tamen : qualem decet esse fororum.

If an obscure individual cannot learn much by turning over our historians, he can improve still less by perusing harrangues of this kind. In the mean time peace is ratified. After five or six years, the nation begins to breathe. Vanity grows apace. We boast of our *present unparalleled state of prosperity*, as if a man with a broken leg, who has just got upon crutches, were to boast of his agility. Reasons are easily found

* Charles Fox, on the 14th December, 1792. Vid. Analytical Review, vol. 15, p. 204. A pretty business truly! To give a man a salary of seven hundred thousand pounds, to repeat, in his own name, calumnies invented by his ministers. After such a "retort courteous," which it was necessary for him to pocket, George the Third might have looked up with regret, to the situation of a scavenger.

† A remark by lord North, when speaking of that illustrious body. Chesterfield employs the same phrase. Mr. William Pulteney, in conversing with Queen Caroline, called them "that hospital of *invalids*." Vid. Anecdotes of Bishop Newton, in the New Annual Register, for 1782, Part 2d. p. 69.

for another *just* and *necessary* war; and another "inglorious peace" completes the circle.

From this survey, it must be inferred, that, to give the people of Britain an accurate and impartial history of the abuses in their government, would be to render them a most essential service. By such a performance they might reap more solid advantages than from sinking twenty French ships of the line, or by annexing twenty East and West-Indian islands, to the bloated size of the British empire. *Jack of all trades will never be rich*, says the proverb. A merchant plunging at once into forty different channels of commerce, runs a much greater hazard of ruin, than he who limits his operations to a reasonable extent. A government, ambitious of acquiring dominions in every corner of the globe, engages in a still more desperate speculation, because public affairs are still more profusely managed than those of individuals. Domestic improvement is, in all cases, more advantageous than military acquisition; and though the truth of this maxim is obvious, yet, in the great outlines of our history, we have incessantly forsaken the former to pursue the latter.

It was the original design of this work to demonstrate the real inutility of external territories to Britain, the unfathomable waste of money requisite to retain them, the injustice and guilt that constantly attend such acquisitions, and the intolerable ravages that we suffer from internal taxes, in consequence of national wars about them. The best way of illustrating this doctrine seemed to be, to collect and publish a number of incontestible facts, and leave the reader to draw his own conclusions. Argument is often a fallacious weapon; but when we are plainly informed in three lines, that "on the 1st of July, 1783, one hundred and seventy-one millions sterling of British public money were *unaccounted*

“for,”* every bosom feels an impression, that could neither be blunted by the sophistry of Mansfield, nor enforced by the eloquence of Demosthenes. It is amazing, that so many facts of this nature escape without notice from the writers on political reform, while such innumerable pages are spent on the hack-nied subject of parliamentary representation. To remedy that defect, a multiplicity of authors have now been examined; and such materials as correspond with this plan, have been embodied in the present assemblage; that their diversified *radiance* may concentrate its beams in one irresistible focus of conviction. Archimedes, in defence of Syracuse, constructed missile engines, some of them to reach an assailant close under the walls, while others overtook his flight. Hence, when the Romans advanced to the charge, they found it equally dangerous to attack and retreat. With this idea, I have collected a magazine of all kinds of political grievances, that, like the darts of Archimedes, there may be something to strike every situation and every feeling. The *gallant Briton*, who laughs at the slaughter of five hundred thousand rascally, *soup-maigre* Frenchmen, may yet grudge the expence of it. The loyal subject, who would cheerfully starve his wife and children to pay the debts of his great and good king, will feel a curiosity to enquire about the fifteen millions sterling, secreted by George the Second, with the concurrence of his *most honourable* privy council. The Guinea merchant buys and sells his live-stock with a clear conscience, but he abhors the ministerial perfidy, that in the midst of profound peace, whets the hatchet and scalping-knife against the farmers of Vermont and Kentucky. The political devotee, who sees the necessity for a house of peers, will not say, that it should consist of gamblers, jockies, and cock-fighters, of superannuated judges, bankrupt admirals, and the rotten-borough hacks of twenty successive cabinets. The nabob, with an hundred thousand pounds

* Supra, Part i. Chap. 4.

in his pocket, extracted from the tears and blood of an hundred thousand Gentoos, will despise the fordid churl, who scrupled to give a dinner at the funeral of his son.* He who turns away from a calculation of compound interest, may feel his heart yearn at the histories of Mary Talbot and Mary Jones. The Scotchman, who has trumpeted in New-York and Baltimore, the blessings of British supremacy, will perceive his admiration damped by the

* "In private life, George the Second was an excellent husband, an affectionate parent, a kind master, and, to those whom he esteemed, a sincere friend.—His majesty was temperate and a strict lover of justice. He died universally beloved and regretted by his subjects. George the Second may not be ranked, among kings who are styled GREAT, by historians; but he possessed a more exalted character, and was truly an HONEST MAN". Naval and Military memoirs of Great Britain by Captain Beatson, Vol. III. page 62. Mr. Dodington told the Princess of Wales, that the accumulation of twelve or fifteen millions *could be proved beyond all possibility of a denial*. This determines the point that the concealment was indefensible. What would a merchant think of one of his Book-keepers detected in secreting fifteen pounds? The same standard of integrity must apply to Kings and to Clerks. George was, by a million of degrees, more guilty than such a person would have been. But besides, he had an immense regular income, which the luxury of Lucullus could hardly have consumed. He was placed entirely beyond the reach of those temptations, to which an accomptant may be liable, and this consideration aggravates to infinity the extent of his baseness. Captain Beatson is a candid, sensible, and as I presume, a well informed writer. Had he reflected on the circumstances above mentioned, he would have suppressed this portrait, which extends to a close printed page. As a *strict love of justice* is inconsistent with fraud, that part of the panegyrick goes for nothing. Of the *affection of George as a parent*, it is needless to speak. In 1741, he plunged Britain, against her desire, into a German war, and a gibbet for his execution ought to have been erected on the grave of the first British soldier, who fell in the course of it. If his subjects loved him and lamented his death, it only proved that they were fools, but not that he was a just object of regret. This man reigned for thirty three years. During that whole time, twelve or fifteen thousand Clergymen, in their weekly addresses to the Deity, asserted, that this plunderer of millions Sterling, this destroyer, *by the sword of the Ammonite*, of some hundred thousands of men, was *most excellent and most sacred!*

account of salt-excise and coal duties. The churchman, who rejoices that six Quakers were plundered of three hundred pounds for refusing to pay two shillings of Easter offerings,† will hardly with Mansfield, wish, that the French nation had continued to persecute the Hugunots. He may be glad at the burning of a Presbyterian meeting-house, but he will not say, that a bed-ridden, or a blind dissenter, was fit and able to be a sheriff of London. He admits, that a bishop of Durham, is entitled to raise twenty thousand pounds a year of tythes, by spreading litigation and beggary for twenty miles on every side of his palace. But neither he, nor any body else, imagines, that an exciseman should be authorised to starve five hundred thousand people for want of food, almost when he pleases.

It has been urged, that the histories of some other nations are equally disreputable with that of England; and that, for the sake of impartiality, there should have been exhibited a comparison between them. The two following chapters are designed to satisfy, in part, this demand. They will, at the same time, afford an opportunity for illustrating and confirming what has already been advanced, on the vicious tendency of histories in general. The rigid critic, who may think this digression superfluous, will yet be disposed to pardon the motive that produced it, a desire, as far as possible, to please every body. The British subject, who has long admired the justice and magnanimity of his countrymen, will be secretly comforted to hear that other kings and nations have so frequently descended to the depravity of his own. If he resides in the United States of North-America, he will peruse with extreme satisfaction a precedent from French history, for the Algerine negotiations of his most gracious sovereign.

* Supra, Part 1. Chap. 4.

C H A P II.

Parallels from ancient and modern history—Cyrus the younger—Modern method of hiring Mercenaries—Xenophon—Alexander—Julius Cæsar—The man of the People—Antient Spectacles of Gladiators—A modern Philanthropist—Socrates—Edmund Burke—Titus Vespasian—Jerusalem—The British at Toulon—A Contrast—Portuguese—Chinese—Their national Characters—Fifty two Irish Rebellions—Riots at Birmingham—At Westminster—Impropriety of indiscriminate censure.

THIS chapter is to consist of miscellaneous remarks on the history of antient and foreign nations, with an occasional reference to corresponding characters and events, in the luminous annals of British glory.

Sophistry seems in all ages to have exhausted its invention, to varnish over the most criminal undertakings. The virtues of the younger Cyrus have been fondly celebrated. His father Darius, king of Persia, by his will, bequeathed his throne to Artaxerxes his eldest son, and to Cyrus the government of several provinces. The latter made preparations to revolt. Artaxerxes took him prisoner, pardoned his conspiracy, and restored him to his former situation*. Cyrus rewarded generosity with ingratitude, and began a civil war. The younger brother of a peer, who should attempt to shoot him, in order to get his estate, would not seem a very promising object of praise. But when an assassin can place himself at the head of an hundred and fifty thousand men, he becomes a distinct character. Cyrus was slain in a personal combat with his brother; and the story is

* Justin, Book 5. Chap. 11th.

usually told in such a way, that we are highly disappointed by the death of the young Hero. These are the lessons of morality, that we learn from the common style of historians. Cyrus had enlisted in his army a body of about thirteen thousand Greeks, who had wandered to an immense distance from their own Country, for the sake of shedding blood. If Cyrus had been to hire these troops from a modern elector of Germany, he would have been forced to find security to their proprietor for so much per head, in case of their never returning home again. During the American war, in 1775, the Landgrave of Hesse, lost fifteen thousand seven hundred of his subjects in this way, at thirty pounds sterling each. This amounted to four hundred and seventy one thousand pounds. On the 21st of November, 1786, the British nation paid the money. The intervening period, from the end of the war to the time of payment, was about four years, and even the simple interest for that time, could not be much less than eighty thousand pounds, besides about sixty thousand more to the Custom House and Excise officers, who collected the cash. This was all together near six hundred thousand guineas. The British ministry could have employed the money better, by erecting a battery of twenty four pounders, at Stromness, or the Land's end. They might have loaded their pieces with the cash, and, upon firing it off into the Sea, they would have saved a million or two sterling squandered on the transportation and other expences of these poor slaves. We proceed to Xenophon, who conducted the retreat of ten thousand surviving Greeks ; but while we admire the bravery of the men, and the abilities of their leader, we ought to remember that they were in reality only a band of robbers, of whom Xenophon was the Chief. This author, whose picturesque simplicity presents so striking a contrast to the bathos of Burgoyne, has been highly renowned for his amiable

and virtuous manners; and has left us, in the memoirs of Socrates, an excellent moral treatise. On escaping back to Greece, he, with part of his associates, immediately entered into the service of another Prince, and Xenophon himself, though commander, had only four times the pay of a private soldier. In a late division of military spoil, a British foremast man received less than a five hundred and thirty fifth share of the proportion assigned to his Captain*. By this mode of reckoning, a private centinel in the Greek service was an hundred and thirty four times more important than a common sailor in that of Britain.

The invasion of Persia by Alexander, has been constantly justified by Rollin and others, from this principle, that he was revenging injuries inflicted upon Greece, a country, which his father and himself had, under the basest pretences, and with great slaughter of its inhabitants, reduced to slavery. Hence, his title as an avenger, was the same with that of a robber, who first riles your house, and then cudgels

* A London Paper has the following article, dated 20th of March, 1795.

"The first payment of the immense St. Jago prize is commenced. Captain Sir A. S. Douglas having received his share, the following is the declared proportion of the specie only.

" Each Captain's share	- - -	£.13, 920
" Lieutenant's do.	- - -	910
" Warrant Officer's do.	- - -	612
" Petty Officer's do.	- - -	140
" Foremast man's do.	- - -	26

The account adds that a great part of the plunder was yet undivided, and the shares of the Admirals not declared. It is likely that they would be at least ten times greater than those of the Captains. It is impossible to figure a more scandalous act of robbery upon the private men. Our sailors have no more real sense of their own rights than the people of Fez. If they had, no government durst mock them with such a division.

This is one example of "that noble liberty, that sweet equality, and that happy security, by which the English are at present distinguished above all other nations in the universe". Hume's History of the House of Tudor, Vol. II. chap. 7.

his predecessor, who was unable to break it open. What preposterous encomiums have been lavished upon the tenderness of Alexander for the family of Darius ! This monarch had never attempted to injure the Macedonian, and had even offered half an empire to buy his friendship. In return, Alexander drove him into the jaws of assassination, and then very modestly punished the murderers. It was extremely natural that the mother, widow and sisters of Darius, should feel an enthusiasm of veneration for so splendid a benefactor ; and that his humanity should be the subject of universal astonishment, because he did not insult or destroy a few helpless women, whom he had already deprived of every thing that made their existence tolerable.

The far greater part of history is a burlesque of this kind. Gladiators and catamites are elevated into subaltern divinities ; and the press groans under the catalogue of their virtues. What torrents of eloquence have been poured forth on the magnanimity and clemency of Julius Cæsar, who butchered only twelve hundred thousand people, and whose portrait, as drawn by Suetonius, displays an accomplished model of every human vice ! What volumes of execration have been discharged upon the ingratitude and rashness of Brutus, for depriving the world of so estimable a character ! Brutus himself, who exacted only forty five per cent of interest for his money, was another prodigy of Roman virtue.

Nor is modern England destitute of wonders, to rival the popularity and integrity of Julius Cæsar. If the Clerk of a counting-house were to lose, at the gaming table, a thousand pounds of his master's money, or even of his own, he would be discharged as unworthy of trust. There is a man, who is said to have sunk five hundred thousand pounds in that way ; and when he had thus reduced himself to bankruptcy, when nothing but his talents as a parliamentary speaker preserved him from a jail, we have seen him preferred to the

management of an annual revenue of sixteen millions sterling ; and we have been immediately informed in the newspapers, with a tone of triumph, that his creditors had held a meeting and agreed to give him leisure. We certainly should not affect a detestation of Elagabalus, for selecting his favourites *Ex magnitudine penis* ; since Charles Fox, at the time of this promotion really was, and boasted that he was, *the man of the people*. It is difficult to conceive a more gigantic instance of stupidity and depravity than such a choice. That a British House of Commons should adopt a minister of this sort, is quite *in character* ; but that individuals, who have the happiness of their country at heart, should applaud such a selection, must fill every sober mind with amazement. To sweep off large sums at the gaming table, besides the incurable suspicion of foul play, is, in itself, a dishonourable dirty practice. The abandoned company, to which an habitual Gamester is inevitably condemned, would alone be sufficient for corrupting the most virtuous of men. Mr. Fox, in the boundless diversity of his adventures, must have ruined many a family, and sent many an injured woman with sorrow to the grave. The very sound of his name puts every body in mind of a dice box. The largest waggon in England would not be able to carry all the books and pamphlets which have celebrated *the goodness of his heart*. His profligacy was one of the chief causes of the failure of his father Lord Holland, in paying up his arrears of money due to the British Exchequer. On the 30th of September, 1780, we had lost by this transaction, two hundred and forty eight thousand pounds, as the simple interest, at four per Cent, of the money left in the hands of his Lordship*.

A few years ago, a considerable balance was then unpaid, and as interest could not, it seems, be de-

* Supra, Part I. Chap. 3.

manded, the public continued to lose it. Security had however been given for payment, at a future period, of the principal sum. At this time, a member happened, in the House of Commons, to say something about the business that hurt Mr. Fox. He instantly rose, and after attacking the gentleman most severely, declared it as a well known truth, that it was impossible for the public to lose a shilling by his father, though in reality we had lost, and were continuing to lose, in the shape of interest, very large sums by him. Mr. Fox did not say this from any abstracted disrespect for money, as he hath since raised a suit, which many people would have avoided, against Mr. Horne Tooke, for an hundred and ninety eight pounds. He bullied Mr. Pitt. into paying, an hundred and eighty one thousand pounds of debts, for the Prince of Wales. At a conversation in parliament on the settlement of the Duke of York, he declared that at least forty thousand pounds a year of certain revenue, ought to be settled on each of the children of the King; that they might not be dependent on their father. At making an establishment for the Duke of Clarence, he was likewise foremost.

About eleven years ago, William Pitt became all at once the British *man of the People*, not because of his merit, for he had done nothing, but because they wanted to revenge themselves of Charles Fox, who, in spite of his promises to the contrary, had ventured *to sit alone in the same room with Lord North!* One would have supposed, that no person two degrees above an idiot, could suspect Fox to be serious in making so ridiculous an assertion. The people are tiring of the French war, and of Mr. Pitt, and thus Mr. Fox will soon be *the man*, a second time. Already, his friends in parliament tell us that the Empire must look up for political salvation to this great Statesman. The public begin to believe so.

For an acquaintance with the Roman *man of the people*, the reader may consult Suetonius, a book of

horrid obscenity, that has been translated *for the use of Schools*. He will then decide whether the descendant of Venus, or of Charles the Second, best deserved the confidence of Rome, or of Britain.

The antient Spectacles of Gladiators are extremely shocking to the nerves of a modern Englishman. He reads with disgust and indignation the description of Seneca. He is amazed at the brutality of the Romans. He ascribes it to their unacquaintance with *Habeas Corpus*, and the trial by jury; and besides, as Dr. Beattie has informed him, human nature has been quite altered for the better, since the introduction of the christian religion, so that we are no longer capable of these dreadful barbarities committed by ignorant heathens. Next morning, this friend to mercy rides thirty miles to attend a cock fight, or a boxing match. He has that evening to preside in a meeting for *the abolition of the slave trade*, to which he gallops twenty miles farther, and just as he arrives, a horse worth fifty guineas drops dead under him. Business ends, and being a magistrate he proceeds to back the warrant of a press gang, sends a Quaker to prison for refusing to pay a shilling of tythes*, and ten guineas of expences, and a beggar for three months to Bridewell, because he has knocked down a rabbit or a pheasant, and refuses to pay a fine of five pounds.

* The circular epistle from the yearly meeting of the friends held at London, in May 1793, has the following passage. " The account of sufferings brought in this year amounts, in Great Britain to six thousand and eighty pounds; and in Ireland to sixteen hundred and twenty nine pounds. The largest part, as usual, is for those ecclesiastical demands with which we scruple actively to comply". Bache's Philadelphia General advertiser, 19th December, 1793. Very little of this money can have been raised in Scotland, where tithes, though troublesome, do not cost one thousandth part of the vexation that they cause on the south of Tweed. In May last, as we learn from English newspapers, seven of the Society of friends were committed to York castle for refusing to pay tithes, and costs of suit.

He then adjourns to the playhouse, sees the tragedy of Cato, sheds tears of rapture at the verses in praise of liberty, and of temperance, returns home, drinks church and king, with Botany-bay to all dissenters, in two bottles of port, and goes to bed, as sober as usual, at half past three in the morning. Not long after the capture of Valenciennes, in autumn, 1793, a riding master at London inserted in the news papers a long advertisement as to an exhibition of the siege, "with the terrible effect of the bombs, *in driving the* " *old men, women, and children into the cellars,*" and the triumphant entry of the Duke of York into the place. The advertisement adds that the shew had been received with great applause. When the Indians, on the western frontiers of the United States, have surprised a family, these much injured people with their virtuous and primitive simplicity, sometimes cut a child into four quarters, and dance round them before its mother. There is not a very wide distinction in point of humanity between the Romans, these American Savages, and the patrons of the British ockey. Let us now return to antiquity.

Socrates conversed with a familiar Spirit; and Rollin has wrote a kind of dissertation upon this predecessor to prophet Brothers and the Cocklane Ghost. He frequented the house of Aspasia, a noted courtesan, that, as he affirmed, he might improve his taste by the elegance of her conversation. Mr. Pitt, full of indignation at the impiety and perfidy of the French, thrusts himself into an alliance with the chaste empress of Russia, for rebuilding of the bastile. Socrates married a shrew, that he might never want materials for the exercise of his patience, just as if a man were to cut off his legs, that he might acquire a knowledge of amputation. His wisdom and veracity have employed at least five thousand pens; and even the divine Plato, who recommended pederasty and child

murder, has ranked inferior in celebrity to the divine Socrates. We, in like manner, have admired the taste and eloquence of Edmund Burke, who lays on expletives, as a mason lays on mortar. With equal judgment, we celebrate the purity of his intentions. A few days before the declaration of our present war against France, this friend to mankind said in the house of Commons, that he only pardoned ministers for their slowness in beginning hostilities, on account of the necessity of waiting till *the public temper was sufficiently inflamed to second them effectually*. Thus he admitted that the nation would perhaps have remained neuter, if it had not been for incendiaries like himself.

The name of Titus Vespasian is synonymous with benignity. He besieged Jerusalem, where eleven hundred thousand Jews perished, besides ninety seven thousand others, whom this *delight of mankind* sold. Such at least is the account of Josephus, and after what we believe already, nothing else can be indigestible. If we ask what right Titus had to interfere in the government of a distant nation, that never could have disturbed the happiness of Rome, the answer is plain. He acted on *the right of conquest*, the same title which, in the sixteenth century, made it no felony to *kill a mere Irishman*.^{*} It was on this title also, that Cornwallis slaughtered horses at Monticello, that Tarleton, after dining with the widow of General Richardson, burnt her house, barn, hogs and poultry; and that Cumberland set up some of his Scotch prisoners, as marks to be shot at, and put thirty or forty of them to the bayonet in a barn, after their wounds had received a second dressing. Now if we can admire Alexander and Titus, we must likewise admire their imitators. The *Perdidi diem*† of the imperial Philanthropist is of about

^{*} Supra, Part 1. chap. 6.

† “I have lost a day”.

as much authority as the *Nolo episcopari** of a candidate for the mitre.

Perhaps prosperity becalm'd his breast ;
Perhaps the wind just shifted from the east.

Titus narrowly escaped the honour of being a church hero. About thirty six years ago, there was printed at London, an illustration of the holy Scriptures in five folio volumes. The writers, men of real learning and candour, expatiate on the *clemency* of Titus. He crucified his prisoners, around the walls of Jerusalem in such multitudes, that room was wanting to erect the crosses. But orthodox eyes could see nothing except his double merit of fulfilling a prophecy, and destroying a devoted nation. The commentators might have reflected, that no entire people can ever deserve extirpation, because one half of the individuals who compose it, are, by childhood incapable of guilt; and that hence the leader in such a transaction can never be a fit object of praise. Theological writers have been loud in celebrating conquerors, who propagated the knowledge of the *true* deity, by cutting up whole nations, root and branch. As to the Jews, in particular, they were no worse than other people, and were just as much entitled to defend their liberty as the Canaanites, the Amalekites, the Samnites, the Athenians, or the Spartans; yet historians, with a prejudice extracted from the most hateful superstition, constantly speak of them as a kind of outcasts. The siege of Jotapata is a highly finished scene; and discovers what gallant exertions the Jews, under a leader who possessed their confidence, were capable of making. Titus, as we learn from Suetonius, had a proportion of domestic faults. He was, as Mr. Gibbon terms it, "*incorrect* in his taste of love". As to his public character, let us always remember, that when a king, general, or minister begins or conducts an unjust war, and in its progress cuts an hundred thou-

* "I am unwilling to be made a bishop."

land, or a million of people to pieces, it is a downright farce to talk of his *humanity*. If he shews any, it can only be the tribute of prudence to public opinion, or an excrescence of caprice and ostentation sprouting through the surface of his character. The difference in point of morality between William the Conqueror and William the son in law, is not worth the number of words requisite to explain it.

The siege of Toulon, in 1793, bears a resemblance to that of Jerusalem, only that the Romans were victorious, and the British were beaten; that the former acted like men of sense at least, and the latter not so. In other respects, the genius of Rome preserved its wonted ascendancy. Titus attacked Jerusalem in the undisguised tone and attitude of an offended master. The British admiral crept into Toulon by bribery, and by making a multitude of promises which common sense might from the first moment have told him it was impossible to perform. Titus broke no promises, for the pride of Rome disdained to make any. The British were driven from all their fortifications, after an assault of eighteen hours, while thousands of the wretched people who had trusted to their protection, were butchered before their eyes. The conquest of Titus was preserved for centuries. The British never would have got into Toulon at all, if they had not promised to restore the French Constitution of 1789, when they might as well have told the modern Mainotes that they would restore the code of Lycurgus. They took possession of the town in the name of Louis the Seventeenth. Now, if they had wanted the Convention to murder young Capet, this was the very surest way that they could have taken; and if he had actually perished in consequence of this event, all the world would have regarded them as his executioners; and thus after pretending to abhor the French for killing the father, they did their utmost to provoke these very

individuals to kill the son. About the end of the American war, Mr. Henry Dundas, from a series of documents, proved to the House of Commons, that the British East India company, by their universal systematic breach of treaties, had made *British faith* proverbial in the East*. It is not much better in the west, in the north, or in the south. On the 20th of February 1795, colonel Maitland stated in parliament, that the *extra* expences of this Toulon business were three hundred thousand pounds. The whole was probably about a million sterling.

We shall now examine a few specimens of the style in which a British writer frequently speaks of other nations. "The Portuguese are charged with *pride*" (a commodity unknown in Britain) and other un-
 "manly vices. *Treachery* has been laid to their
 "charge, (*when your breeches are torn sit still*, says the
 "proverb,) as well as ingratitude, and above all an
 "intemperate passion for revenge. Among the low-
 "er people *thieving is commonly practised*.†—The
 "Chinese in general have been represented as the
 "most dishonest, low, thieving set in the world." There is much more in the same liberal and polite style. "Men of property among them (the Chinese)
 "practise the most avowed bribery and the lowest
 "meanness to obtain preferment.‡ In the anecdotes of Lord Chatham, printed some years ago, in two quarto volumes, we are told that Mr. Pelham was, at one time, entrusted with what is usually called, *the pocket list of the house of Commons*; and that Mr. Pitt sometimes said to his friends, "I was obliged to
 "BORROW the duke of Newcastle's *majority*, to carry
 "on the public business." Sir Robert Walpole used to say, that *every man had his price*, "a maxim on
 "which he relied with much so security that he de-

* Vide Burke's Speech on Mr Fox's India bill.

† Guthrie's Geographical Grammar, fourteenth Edition, 8vo. p. 574.

‡ Ibid. page. 654.

“clared he seldom troubled himself with the election
 “of members, but rather chose to stay and buy them
 “up *when they came to market*.”*

During the war with America, the British at New-York were constantly forging and circulating Congress paper money. In the present quarrel with France they have played off the same trick against the republican assignats. This may serve as a specimen of *the great* in Britain. With regard to the inferior classes, it has been often remarked that there were more executions in England than in all the rest of Europe put together. It is but candid to distinguish North Britain from such bad company. “During
 “the winter 1791 and 1792, there was not a robbery,
 “house-breaking, shop-breaking, nor a theft publicly known, to the amount of forty shillings,
 “within the city of Edinburgh. To contrast this
 “with London, there were April 20th, 1792, in Newgate, fifteen under sentence of death, nineteen respite
 “during his Majesty’s pleasure, eighty transports, eighty under orders of imprisonment for
 “certain determinate periods, and twenty seven for
 “trial. This is the account of *one* prison only in
 “London”.† This is the nation that reproaches other people as *thieves*! As to that *intemperate passion for revenge ascribed to the Portuguese*, there is in the Journals of the House of Commons, a report dated the 12th of January 1693, which demonstrates that even Englishmen themselves are not absolutely impregnable to sensibilities of that nature. “FIFTY
 “TWO REBELLIONS, which the Irish have been *guilty of*, may sufficiently evince, that nothing can
 “reconcile the implacable hatred of them to the
 “British nation; and the only way of securing that
 “kingdom to the crown of England is, the putting

* An apology for the freedom of the press, by Robert Hall, London, 1793, p. 37.

† Letters to Sir John Sinclair by William Creech, printed in 1793, p. 38.

“ it out of the power of the Irish again to rebel.”* The tone of this report announces that the Commons had resolved to revenge themselves pretty smartly. “ I have but to give stretch to the Indian forces under my direction,” said Burgoyne, “ and *they amount to thousands!* to overtake the hardened enemies of Great Britain and of America. —The messengers of justice and wrath await them in the field.”

Of the Hollanders, Mr. Guthrie gives the following account. “ No people are so unfociable. A Dutchman of low rank, when drunk, *is guilty of every species of brutality.* The Dutch have also been known to exercise the most dreadful inhumanities for interest abroad, where they thought themselves free from discovery†.” Burgoyne’s officers, while prisoners at Boston, were, many of them drunk every day, and in that situation committed *every species of impertinence* which they durst. General Heath had the charge of them; and it was a common piece of wit to have some of their dogs called *Heath*, and when he passed by, the joke was to cry as loud as possible after these dogs by their name. About ninety-four years ago, the British nation thought proper to chuse a king for the Spaniards, as they have lately selected another for the French. To explain his title, a body of British soldiers and seamen disembarked, in 1702, at Port St. Mary’s near Cadiz. On landing, they “ *broke open the cellars,* where they became intoxicated with Spanish wines, —and then committed all the disorders of war, plundering the town and country, insulting churches, and *ravishing the women.* They forced the nunneries, as they said, to drive the priests out of them; and the monasteries because they expected to find them filled with nuns.—The men plundered the enemy, and *the officers the men,* un-

* Memoirs of Britain and Ireland, by Sir John Dalrymple, Vol. 2. Part 3. Book 1.

† Guthrie, p. 451.

“ der pretence of giving redrefs.—All authority was
 “ fruitless against *drunkards* and *madmen*, who knew
 “ not that they received punishment, even while it
 “ was inflicted.—The affections of the Spaniards,
 “ once lost, could never be recovered during the
 “ the whole course of the war.”* In the late riots at
 Birmingham, intoxication was likewise a prominent
 feature. “ When the windows of the hotel were
 “ nearly demolished, one of the justices cried *well*
 “ *done, mylads. We will do what we can for you ;*
 “ *and if I had it in my power I would make you all*
 “ *DRUNK*”† The same argument was repeated a
 few minutes after, by one of these exemplary magis-
 trates. A boy saying “ damn them, seize all the Pres-
 “ byterians,” one of them called him a *darned good cock*.
 A gentleman said to the rioters, “ come my boys,
 “ huzza ! If they (meaning *the dissenters*) turn you
 “ out of work, *I will employ you.*”‡ A cart-
 load of the carcases of these wretches were dug from
 the ruins of a house, which they had set on fire, and
 from drunkenness were not able to quit. Four years
 only have elapsed, since this affair. The populace
 have been turned out of employment, and the magi-
 strates, who were ambitious to intoxicate them, have
 not given them work. Seven or eight thousand men-
 dicant tradesmen, preceded by a black flag, have
 paraded the streets of Birmingham. Hunger has
 forced multitudes to join the victorious banner of the
 Duke of York, and the bayonets of Pichegru have
 completed what the halter had begun. With such a
 phalanx of ignominy confronting us, we should say but
 little about the brutality of an intoxicated Dutch-
 man. I shall just add one other specimen of Eng-
 lish mobs.

“ Mr. Horne Tooke complains also, that the

* Memoirs of Britain and Ireland, Vol. 2d. Part 4. Book 2d.

† Priestley's Appeal to the public on the riots at Birmingham,
 Part 2d. page 54.

‡ Ibid. page 50.

“ citizens are prevented, by armed force, from a-
 “ vailing themselves of their rights, and that murders
 “ have been committed with impunity by ruffians li-
 “ red to impede the freedom of election. And have we
 “ not seen the bludgeoned banditti of both factions,
 “ (for I am willing to divide the blame equally be-
 “ tween them both) *have we not seen them marshalled*
 “ *under their respective leaders, block up every passage to*
 “ *the Hustings, and rush to the combat, like two contend-*
 “ *ing armies in the field of battle?* The timid, the mo-
 “ derate, and the prudent citizens in general, avoi-
 “ ded a scene of violence and uproar, and cursed,
 “ from the bottom of their hearts, a brutal anarchy,
 “ more oppressive, if possible, than absolute des-
 “ potism itself? In fine, Mr. Horne Tooke asserts,
 “ that the majority of seats in the House of Com-
 “ mons are bought and sold like stalls for cattle at
 “ a fair. And is not this a notorious fact, which all
 “ the world know as well as Mr. Horne Tooke?
 “ but which, till now, in the face of that corrupt
 “ and all-corrupting assembly, no man but Mr. Horne
 “ Tooke has yet had the patriotic hardihood to as-
 “ sert.” These remarks refer to the Westminster elect-
 “ ions between Lord Hood and Charles Fox. But scenes of
 the same kind are common in other parts of England.
 The two parties wear cockades of different colours;
 and passengers, to escape being knocked down,
 have sometimes carried one for each side in their
 pockets, and on falling in with the bludgeon-men of
 either, have clapt the cockade belonging to that gang
 into their hats.

We should be cautious in stigmatizing the characters
 of the Chinese, the Portuguese or the Dutch, for the

* A Review of the constitution of Great Britain; being the sub-
 stance of a speech delivered in a numerous assembly on the following
 question: Is the petition of Mr. Horne Tooke, a libel on the
 House of Commons, or a just statement of public grievances aris-
 ing from an unfair representation of the people? London 1791, p. 4.
 (by Mr. Oswald, a native of Edinburgh.)

accusations may be retorted with large interest. The majority in every nation have a ridiculous conceit as to the excellence and importance of their own country. A Scot just arrived in Dublin, was asked whether he had been to look at the city? "I have seen *Glasgow*" said he screwing up the muscles of his face, "and I can have little new to see here." "You may as well" replied the inquirer, "refuse to look at half a guinea, because you have seen half a crown." It is amazing how little neighbouring nations are acquainted with each other. Prejudice produces an indifference approaching to hatred; and this indifference is one of the principal sources of so many foolish wars. The great advantage of travelling is that it teaches, or rather forces men, not to confine their affections to a particular nation. Go to the capital of any country in Europe, to Dublin for example, reside there for a few months, and you will have a much better opinion of the people than you had before you came to live among them. National dislike is the rust of a mind corroding for want of attrition, and a personal knowledge of foreign countries is the brush that scours this rust away. But as that advantage must always be confined to a few persons, the next most effectual method for exploding *local* vanity, is, to convince your countrymen that they can gain nothing, or but a trifle, by a general comparison with the neighbours. When you have once demolished the barriers raised by ignorance and pride, against universal good will to foreign nations, you have shaken, to its deepest and darkest basis, the system of war and conquest.

C H A P. III.

Comparison of British and foreign history continued—Cato the elder—Scipio Œmilianus—William III—British in Ireland—In Mysore—Turenne—Barbarossa—Dr. Robertson—His encomiums on piracy and murder—Francis I.—Charles V.—Curious scale of morality—James V.—Mr. Hume—His defence of persecution—First emigrants to New England—Their horrible treatment from the mother country—Translation from an Arabian manuscript.

ROLLIN has wrote four volumes on the *Belles Lettres*, and professedly to improve the morals of youth. In that work he celebrates, as a multitude of authors had done before him, the virtues of Scipio Œmilianus. This man, besides the horrid scene at Numantia, burnt Carthage, with the beggary or extirpation of seven hundred thousand people. The Carthaginians had neither given provocation to the Romans, nor was it even alledged by the latter that they had done so. Cato the elder has, like Scipio, been highly extolled as a patriotick and honest citizen. He was the principal promoter of this project, and his private life, as delineated by Plutarch, bears testimony that he possessed a heart of adamantine hardness. As to his public conduct, for some years before his death, he is said to have concluded every one of his speeches in the senate with these words. *Carthage must be destroyed.* This exploit exactly resembled the modern partitions of Hindostan, of Paraguay, and of Poland. The reader will hardly wish that his son should be taught to admire such proceedings; and yet if Rollin produces any effect at all, it must be of that nature. To the maxim of Cato, we can find many parallels in English history. In 1698, the lords and commons of England addressed

king William to employ his *influence in Ireland* to "suppress the woollen manufactures therein." In reply, he told the lords, "that his majesty will take care to do what their lordships have desired." To the commons he answered, "I shall do all that in me lies to discourage the woollen trade in Ireland." He kept his word. An Irish act of parliament was passed soon after, that imposed heavy duties on the export of Irish woollens to England; and next year the parliament of England prohibited their exportation to other countries; so that the manufacture was almost as completely annihilated, as law could make it.* It is strange what pleasure could ever be felt in the posthumous deification of bad men. Cato, Scipio, and William were abundantly hated when alive. The first was impeached a prodigious number of times, though he always got off. Scipio was hanged or strangled in his bed one night, by some unknown executioner of justice, and as to William, who died by a fall from his horse, Defoe says that it was common among the English to drink the health of this animal. Yet, at the distance of two thousand years, the two former are held up as paragons of virtue; and the latter has a statue in the most public street of the metropolis of that country, whose woollen manufactures he destroyed.

Another curious instance of the exertion of English supremacy over Ireland deserves to be mentioned, that we may be assured how very closely our ancestors approached to the justice and humanity of the elder Cato, and the *divine* Scipio. The prince of Orange and his wife, accepted the Crown of England, in the banqueting house, on the 13th of February 1689. Most of the outlawries against Irish rebels ran for treasons committed *on that day*. Now the acceptance of the crown by William and Mary could

* Vid. Quarto Edition of Guthrie's Geographical Grammar, printed at Dublin, Art. IRELAND.

not be known in Ireland at the same instant that it happened in England; so that people were declared traitors, because they wanted omnipresence. This was like the device of a Russian Czar, who commanded the people of a certain district to send him a bushel of live flies, and then fined them for disobedience. But besides, the Irish government was at that time entirely in the possession of king James; and his lieutenant Tyrconnel at the head of an army, would have executed any person who recognised the royal pair. In the end such of the Irish as were most ready to submit had their estates forfeited, while those who capitulated at Limerick, sword in hand, were indemnified*.

The same writers who admire the virtue of Scipio have affected to pity the misfortunes of Carthage. On the 21st of March, 1791, Bangalore was taken by storm. The Madras Gazette says that "nothing could exceed the grandeur of the spectacle. The splendour of the moon, the glare of the blue lights from the ramparts of the enemy, and the lightning flashes from the guns, dazzled the eye with a new day; while the constant peals of musquetry, and the roar of cannon, rendered the scene truly sublime and awful.—Nothing could resist the impetuosity of the troops. They rushed along the ramparts, where heaps lay dead and dying, and met near the opposite gate. Here the croud, *attempting in vain to escape* through what they could not defend, *met their promiscuous fate in multitudes*. Many fell on the bayonet, many by the bullet, and many were burned by their cloathes taking fire, and the explosion of their own cartridge boxes†." This extract will enable the reader to compare the humanity of the British at Bangalore with that of the Romans at Carthage. We see plainly from the Ma-

* Of the Use and Abuse of Parliaments, Vol. 1. page 112.

† Historical Register, printed at Edinburgh, for September, 1791.

dras account, that the Indians were butchered after they had ceased to resist. *They tried in vain to escape, and met their fate in promiscuous multitudes.* At taking a fort in the same war, the garrison, in the midst of the assault, hung out a flag for quarter. It was disregarded, and out of three hundred, *an hundred and fifty* were instantly killed or wounded. The writer of this account says, that an example was *necessary*, because they had repeatedly fired at the British flag.* We cannot hear these poor people in their own defence, and it is very likely that he who commits a murder, will tell a lie to excuse it. But supposing that the garrison had fired at the flag, it is a very sorry apology for so bloody a massacre. Some time since a decree was past by the French convention for giving no quarter to the British or Hanoverians, and much clamour was raised in England about the barbarity of this very short lived decree. Yet when British troops were adopting the same practice in the East Indies, it was an object of exultation, and we are pertly told that "*nothing could exceed the grandeur of the spectacle.*" An inhabitant of Bangalore is entitled to wish that Jourdan may choak up the Thames with the ashes of London. It is hard to say whether British war or peace has been most destructive to the people of Hindostan. In 1791, Dr James Anderson, a Scotch gentleman, physician general at Madras, printed a pamphlet there concerning the internal improvement of the country. It contains a letter from one captain Towns to the doctor dated Vizagapatam, 19th of May, 1791, which has these words. "Upwards of *five thousand* inhabitants have died this year from want of employment, and several villages are now destitute of inhabitants, so that there can not be any doubt of the necessity and expediency of pursuing some measures to guard against

* Historical Register, for April 1792.

" the total ruin of the country." These are the people who went half mad about the execution Lewis Capet. By the account of Mr. Towns it appears that in India, a man may be subsisted for about two pence sterling per day, and Dr. Anderson proves that abundance of employment is to be found for every person, if the smallest attention could be paid to any thing, but oppression and robbery.

We have now gone over some of the chief heroes of antient ages. We have seen that, though celebrated by historians, they are far from deserving to be held up as models for the admiration of school boys, and a Briton may determine what degree of pride he ought to feel from the preceding comparison. Let us now take a few modern favourites of fame. The name of Turenne habitually reminds us of all that is great and amiable. By command of Louis the fourteenth, he ravaged and burnt the Palatinate, a transaction not much less atrocious than the burning of Carthage. At the distance of a century full of crimes, this affair is always mentioned with supereminent abhorrence, while the same authors represent Turenne as a great and virtuous character. If Turenne had been an honest man, he would have declined such an office. " I cannot *assassinate* the duke of Guise", said Grillon, " but, if my king desires it, I shall *fight* him." Were the Chaplain of New gate to extoll the courage and dexterity of a felon, the world would make a jest of his performance, or exclaim that he was an enemy to public morals. Yet nothing is more frequent in an historical narrative than an elaborate vindication and encomium of some turbulent conqueror. Thus are succeeding adventurers encouraged to become candidates for false praise. The military ardour of the present Mr. William Pitt has been inflamed by the admiration heaped upon his father.

The longer that we reflect upon this subject, the more thoroughly shall we be convinced that the ma-

jority of historical writers, both ancient and modern, have been unfriendly to the peace of mankind. Nothing can be more opposite both to good sense and morality than to celebrate the crimes of a scoundrel. Dr. Robertson, when relating a revolution at Algiers, says that it was brought about "by persons born in a rank of life, which entitled them to act no such *illustrious* part.* These were the two Barbarossas. It is to be wished that this writer had fully explained what he meant by this word *illustrious*. In his history of America, it is frequently applied to the plunderers of Mexico and Peru; and here to the founders of the piratical state of Algiers. Yet, a little after he says, that these corsairs, whom he had on the same page termed *illustrious*, followed an *infamous* trade. He charges one of them with a perfidious "*murder*." This was the assassination of Eutemi, king of Algiers, that "*illustrious* part" above referred to. Of the younger Barbarossa, he says that "at last the *fame*, (that is, the *infamy*), of his exploits daily increassing, Solyman offered him the command of the Turkish fleet." The same writer observes that Cortez "has been *admired* and "*celebrated* by succeeding ages."† Thus a presbyterian divine holds up as an object of *celebrity* and *admiration*, the butcher of two or three millions of innocent people. If the Principal of the college at Edinburgh, had been solicitous for converting all his readers into robbers and cut-throats, this is the very language that he would have adopted. Dr Robertson has published a history of Charles the fifth, who was likewise, it seems, a fit object of admiration. Observe with what refined delicacy, the Doctor skims over his multiplied acts of treachery. "He had often recourse to *low artifices* unbecoming his superior talents; and sometimes, ventured on such

* History of the Emperor Charles V. Book 5.

† History of America, Book 5th.

“ *deviations from integrity* as were dishonourable in a “ *great Prince.*” * From this we are to infer that perfidy is honourable in a petty Prince. The Doctor ends a long rhapsody by finding “ some *excuse* for this “ *defect* (viz, a total *defect* of humanity, of honesty, and of shame,) in Charles’s behaviour, though “ *it cannot serve as a justification* of it;” † which is no doubt, very unlucky. The Duke of Sully, in his memoirs, and Buchanan, in an ode on the siege of Metz, have done much greater justice to the “ *superior* or talents” of Charles. They describe him as one of the greatest rascals that ever disgraced human nature. He consigned to the executioner fifty or an hundred thousand of his protestant subjects in the Netherlands. Yet there is not to be found in the panegyrist of Barbarossa, one single word about this persecution; nor has this stupendous mutilation of history been started as an objection to Dr. Robertson, by any of the London critics, whom I have met with. Had this man been writing the history of Richard the third, he would most likely have forgot to speak about the two nephews of that *illustrious* Sovereign. John Fiesco, the Genoese Cataline, has been varnished by the Doctor with so many fine epithets, that we are taught to be interested for the success of his conspiracy; and the studied jerk that is given at the end of the story, has been admired as a beauty of the highest kind. Of such heroes, such an encomiast, and a world that applauds the one and the other, candour can only say *Malus, pejor, pessimus.*

Francis the first has been loaded with historical incense. He was “ humane, beneficent, generous.” ‡ — “ Francis, open, frank, liberal, munificent; carrying these virtues to an excess which “ prejudiced his affairs.” § This is the light in which

* History of Charles V. Book 12th.

† Ibid.

‡ Ibid. Book 7th.

§ Hume’s History of the house of Tudor, quarto edition, Vol. 1. Chap. 2.

he has been universally represented. Let us now examine two or three of his actions. His quaint letter after the battle of Pavia, has been quoted about a million of times.* His base conduct before that battle, to the constable Bourbon, stigmatised as such both by Hume and Robertson, and his deliberate perjury when a prisoner, cast a degree of ridicule on his pretensions to honour. His conquest of Milan, in 1515, was like most other transactions of that kind. During his reign, the reformation began in Germany; and Francis to distress his rival, Charles the V, gave assistance to the protestants. At the same time heresy began to break out in Paris; and Francis put to death six reformers. They were burned alive after being fastened to a machine, which alternately let them down into the flames and raised them out again; so that their sufferings were prolonged to an extreme degree. The *humane, beneficent, generous* Francis himself, the *open, frank, liberal, munificent, and most christian* monarch, *who carried his virtues to an excess that prejudiced his affairs*, assisted at the scene, and declared publickly to the spectators, that if he thought his right hand infected with heresy he would cut it off with the left. Much has been said of his refined taste, and of his munificence to men of learning; and he has even received the absurd appellation of *the father of letters*. It is not likely that all his benefactions of this sort collectively, ever cost him half as much as one of his favourite mistresses. To distress Charles he invited the Turks to invade Italy. They were unwilling, but at last the Ambassador of Francis “obtained orders for Barbarossa to sail with a powerful fleet, and to regulate all his operations by the direction of the French King.”† The corsair with an hundred and ten galleys, cast anchor at Rheggio a sea-port town in Italy, *which he plundered and burnt*. Thus, the difference was but very minute, between

* “Madam, we have lost every thing, except our honour.”

† History of Charles the fifth Book 7th.

this father of letters, and this ringleader of pirates. Mr. Hume says, that there was some resemblance in the characters of Henry the eighth, and Francis, "though the comparison is *extremely to the advantage of the French monarch.*"* Observe this notable scale of morality. First, the illustrious Barbarossa, at the head of an hundred and ten gangs of ruffians, disembarks on the fertile, populous, and peaceful coast of Italy, and commits all those enormities which may be expected from the previous "*fame,*" as Doctor Robertson calls it, "of his exploits." Of these *exploits* the reader may have some conception, if he was present, on the day after the battle of German-town, when the British drove waggons loaded with wounded American prisoners, at an hand-gallop, down the street of that village, and if he heard the *illustrious* conquerors huzza at the shrieks of these rebels. His *most christian* majesty comes second in order. Like the trumpeter in the fable, he was in this transaction, certainly more to blame than any body else. It was at his earnest solicitation that the corsairs were sent out. In the third place appears Henry the eighth, who, as Mr. Hume thinks, was extremely more worthless than even this father of letters, this French prompter of Turkish pirates. What then must Henry Tudor himself have been? When we turn up the same page to peruse an epitome of his character, we find a quantity of trimming words that serve principally to gloss over and bolster up the memory of a hateful despot. We are not taught to feel that indignation which honest men ought to feel.

Mr. Hume, in the chapter last quoted, relates the death of James the fifth of Scotland; and adds that he was "a prince of considerable *virtues* and talents.—" He executed justice with *the greatest impartiality* and

* History of the House of Tudor, Vol. 1. Chap. 7th.

“ *rigour.*—The protestants, whom he *repressed* have
 “ endeavoured to throw many stains on his memory ;
 “ but have not been able to fix *any considerable*
 “ *imputation on him.*” He overpersuaded George
 Buchanan to write Latin satires against the Roman
 catholic clergy, and then *sold* him, and a great
 number of other reformers, to Cardinal Beaton. It is
 needless to enquire much farther about the virtues of
 this James Stuart. But Mr. Hume, in a note, offers
 a curious and wholesale vindication of ecclesiastical
 butchery, that cannot be passed over without some
 notice. “ The persecutions,” he says, “ exercised
 “ during James’s reign, are not to be ascribed to his
 “ bigotry, a vice of which he seems to have been as
 “ free as Francis the first, or the emperor Charles,
 “ both of whom, as well as James, shewed, in different
 “ periods of their lives, even *an inclination to the new*
 “ *doctrines.* The extremities to which all these prin-
 “ ces were carried, proceeded entirely from *the situa-*
 “ *tion of affairs,* during that age, which rendered it
 “ IMPOSSIBLE for them to act *with greater temper and*
 “ *moderation,* after they had embraced the resolution
 “ of supporting the antient establishment.” The
 code of royal morality, as it is here explained and de-
 fended by Mr. Hume, has been happily condensed in
 a passage of the Beggar’s Opera. What is the woman
 “ always whimpering about murder ?” says Peachum.
 “ When people wont deliver their money, *what*
 “ *would you have a gentleman to do ?*” If Charles,
 Francis, and James, were not *bigots*, their persecution
 of heresy was still the more culpable. It was not
 requisite that they should continue to be Sovereigns,
 but it was requisite that they should be honest men.
 If *the situation of affairs* required the perpetration of
 the most gigantic crimes, they ought to have deser-
 ted it. Force the preceptor of your son to compose
 verses against a priesthood, and then tell him to their
 revenge ! Arm protestants with one hand, and burn
 them with the other ; and then tell us, *that you have lost*

every thing except your honour, which, along with your humanity, is committed to the custody of Barbarossa ! A man of integrity would rather have descended into the dungeons of Magdeburg, with sixty pounds of iron about his neck. It was impossible for Charles to *act with greater temper and moderation* than to butcher fifty thousand hereticks, besides exciting a bloody civil war on the same account in Germany ; and he is to be excused by *the situation of affairs*. The same apology will serve for the *partitions* of the Russian Messalina, and the piracies of George the third. Indeed this is but a repetition of the old maxim, *never to commit a crime by halves*.^{*} Sylla, the Duke of Alva, and other *illustrious* characters of that stamp might have urged with equal justice the situation of affairs, an excuse that, as Mr. Hume employs it, will vindicate every thing, and any thing.

This writer concludes the above note in these words. “ *Even the greatest friends to liberty of conscience* have admitted, that, though a sect which has already diffused itself, has a just claim to indulgence, yet it may be often consistent with *equity*, as well as *sound policy*, to repress by severity (viz. by *roasting alive*) the first beginnings of schism and new systems of theology.” Mr. Hume would have made an admirable president for the Holy office at Lisbon. If he had been writing a defence of Pontius Pilate or Bishop Bonner, these are the very arguments that he would have employed. He ought to have specified some of those *greatest friends to liberty of conscience*, who approved of persecution. Their names are not generally known. It is odd enough that all this canting in favour of ecclesiastical tyranny comes from a man who has written most indefatigably *against all religions*. Nor is this an inadvertent passage. The same sentiment occurs frequently. “ In the view of policy, though a sect, already formed and advanced, may,

^{*} Anglice, *Be as great a rascal as you possibly can.*

“with good reason, demand a toleration ; what right
 “had *the puritans* to this indulgence, who were just
 “on the point of separation from the church, and
 “whom, it might be hoped, some wholesome and
 “*legal* severities would still retain in their obedience
 “to it.”* To this passage Mr. Hume adds a long
 note in explanation and defence of it. But he con-
 cludes in these words : “I own it, however, that it
 “is very questionable whether persecution can *in any*
 “*case* be justified.” If this was his opinion, what did
 he mean by so many previous declarations in favour
 of broiling hereticks. This is like rearing a bastile,
 but providing a back door for the escape of the archi-
 tect. In Mr Hume’s history of England doctrines of
 despotism are almost every where inculcated. But as
 the character of the writer was full of art, he has oc-
 casionally intermixed sentiments that will admit of
 an opposite construction, and under which he could
 have sheltered himself against a close attack. Dr.
 Adam Smith, in his Inquiry, says that Mr. Hume is
 by far the greatest philosopher and historian of
 the present age. The following plain narrative
 of facts will place in a just light, the atrocity of religi-
 ous persecution. The sufferers were English puri-
 tans, who attempted an escape to Holland. Some of
 them were afterwards of the first party of emigrants
 to New England. “There was a large company of
 “them proposed to get passage at Boston in Lincoln-
 “shire, and, for that end, had hired a ship wholly to
 “themselves, and made agreement with the master to
 “to be ready at a certain day, and take them and their
 “goods in at a convenient place, where accordingly
 “they would all attend in readiness. So after long
 “waiting, and large expence, though he kept not
 “day with them, yet he came at length and took
 “them in, in the night. But when he had them

* History of the House of Stuart, Quarto Edition, Vol. 10
 Chap. 8.

“ and their goods aboard, he betrayed them,
 “ having before-hand complotted with the search-
 “ ers and other officers so to do, who took them
 “ and put them into open boats, and then rifled
 “ and ransacked them, searching them to their shirts
 “ for money, yea even the women, further than
 “ became modesty, and then carried them back into
 “ the town, and made them a spectacle and wonder to
 “ the multitude, which came flocking on all sides to
 “ behold them.” (They were pillaged and imprisoned
 for a month and seven of the principal men were bound
 over to the assizes.) “ The next spring after there
 “ was an attempt made, by some of these and others,
 “ to get over at another place. And so it fell out
 “ that they light of a Dutchman at Hull, having a
 “ ship of his own belonging to Zealand. They made
 “ agreement with him, and acquainted him with their
 “ condition, hoping to find more faithfulness in him
 “ than in the former of their own nation. He bade
 “ them not fear, for he would do well enough. He
 “ was by appointment to take them in between
 “ Grimstone and Hull, where was a large common, a
 “ good way distant from any town. Now against the
 “ prefixed time, the women and children with the
 “ goods, were sent to the place in a small barke,
 “ which they had hired for that end, and the men were
 “ to meet them by land, but it so fell out that they
 “ were there a day before the ship came, and, the sea
 “ being rough, and the women very sick, prevailed
 “ on the seamen to put into a creek hard by, where
 “ they lay on ground at low water. The next mor-
 “ ning the ship come, but they were fast and could
 “ not stir till about noon. In the mean time, the
 “ shipmaster perceiving how the matter was, sent his
 “ boat to get the men aboard whom he saw ready,
 “ walking about the shore, but after the first boatful
 “ was got on board, and she was ready to go for more,
 “ the master espied a great company both horse and
 “ foot, with bills and guns and other weapons, for
 “ the country was raised up to take them. The

" Dutchman, seeing that, swore his country oath
 " *sacramente*, and, having the wind fair, weighed
 " anchor, hoisted sails and away. After enduring a
 " fearful storm at sea for fourteen days or more, seven
 " whereof they never saw sun, moon, nor stars, and
 " being driven near the coast of Norway, they arrived
 " at their desired haven, where the people came
 " flocking, admiring their deliverance, the storm
 " having been so long and sore, in which much
 " hurt had been done, as the master's friends related
 " to him in their congratulations. The rest of the
 " men that were in the greatest danger made a shift
 " to escape away before the troop could surprize them,
 " those only staying that best might be assisting to the
 " women. But pitiful it was to see the heavy case
 " of these poor women in distress; what weeping
 " and crying on every side, some for their
 " husbands that were carried away in the ship,
 " others not knowing what should become of them
 " and their little ones, crying for fear and quaking
 " with cold. Being apprehended, they were hurried
 " from one place to another till, in the end, they knew
 " not what to do with them; for, to imprison so many
 " women with their innocent children for no other
 " cause, many of them, but that they would go with
 " their husbands, seemed to be unreasonable and all
 " would cry out of them, and to send them home
 " again was as difficult, for they alleged, as the truth
 " was, they had no homes to go to, for they had either
 " sold or otherwise disposed of their houses and livings.
 " To be short, after they had been thus turmoiled a
 " good while and conveyed from one constable to
 " another, they were glad to be rid of them in the end
 " upon any terms, though, in the mean time, they
 " poor souls endured misery enough."* Had these
 people been subjects to the grand Turk, his sublime

* History of Massachusetts by Mr. Hutchison, Vol. 2. Page 449.

highness could not have treated them much worse. This is a specimen of the *wholesome* and *legal* severities, so ardently recommended by Mr. Hume, in defence of the Church of England. The London Gazeteer of the 21st of November, 1792, contains an advertisement of a rectory to be sold. "It is situated in one of the most healthy and *sporting* counties in the kingdom." The advertiser adds that "none but principals need apply, as no BROKER will be treated with." In an adjacent column, there is a furious advertisement against political reformation, including a vehement encomium on "our present excellent constitution in *church* and *state*."

Hell, to be sure, is at Paris, or Rome.
How happy are *we*, that it is not at home!

From the contents of this and the preceding chapter, it may be conjectured that Britain will not gain much in point of reputation, by comparing her own political history with that of other countries. James the first and his agents, stripping naked the poor women who were flying to Holland, do not make an appearance much more splendid than his majesty's grandfather selling George Buchanan to Cardinal Beaton; or than the French father of letters, placing six Hugonots upon the papal grid-iron. We shall therefore desist from parallels of that sort. In a canting pamphlet entitled *The rights of Great Britain asserted against the claims of America*, the writer puts this question. "Did not the mother country, with more than a mother's fondness, upon all occasions nourish, cherish, and support this prodigal child, that left the house of his parent, to feed on husks with the swine of the desert?" The treatment of the first New England settlers resolves that question. Mr Burgh has put another, viz. "In what condition is this once free and virtuous kingdom likely soon to be?"*

* Political Disquisitions, Vol. 1. p. 82.

At what æra this *freedom* and *virtue* existed, no body could ever tell. It certainly was not in the reign of James the first; and every other part of the British annals, as well as those that we have already touched upon, is full of calamity and disgrace. Queen Elizabeth, by "a single patent, contrived for the advantage of four rapacious courtiers, occasioned *the utter ruin* of seven or eight thousand industrious subjects."* The whole trade of England was cut up into monopolies; and the earl of Essex actually rebelled, because Elizabeth, among other marks of dislike, had refused to continue his monopoly of sweet wines. "In vain did parliament interfere. The haughty sovereign would not permit her prerogative *to be called in question*; and the more the house endeavoured to procure a redress of the grievance, *the more resolutely was it maintained*."† Mr. Hume‡ has drawn a faithful picture of the *freedom* enjoyed under the maiden Queen. Under Charles the first, the nation was certainly neither *free* nor *virtuous*. As to freedom Charles sold patents of monopoly, for salt, soap, and leather, for gauging red herrings, for marking butter casks, and for gathering rags. By monopolies of this kind, *two hundred thousand pounds* were obtained, and Clarendon says, that of this sum only *fifteen hundred pounds* came into the hands of Charles.§ At this rate, when he received twenty shillings, they cost his subjects seven pounds, seventeen shillings and nine pence one third of a penny sterling, of *additional expences* in the collection. Cromwell and others cut off the head of Charles, and the English are constantly asking divine pardon for *that enormity*, as Mr. Hume calls it. They should bundle Jonathan Wild into this part of their litany, for of these two *bo'y martyrs*, he was

* History of the Public Revenue, Vol. 1. Part 1. Chap. 8.

† Ibid.

‡ History of the house of Tudor. Vol. 2d, Chap. 7.

§ History of the Public Revenue, Vol. 1. Part 1. Chap. 9.

by far the most innocent. Some people talk of restoring the constitution to its *primitive* purity. They would do well to inform us what that purity was, and where its traces are to be found. The parliaments of England have been alternately the executioners, and the slaves, or tools, of their sovereign; and there has not elapsed a single reign since the Norman conquest, which a wise man would wish to see acted over again. This truth is so very stale, that it may seem unworthy of repetition here; but an endless croud of authors, *endless* in every sense of the word, deafen us with intelligence that our happy constitution hath stood the test of ages. It certainly has so. Yet a man, expiring with the gout, might as well boast that *his* constitution hath stood the test of twenty hogshheads of brandy.

To conclude this chapter, there is inserted a short conversation that took place, about an hundred years since, in the kingdom of Dahomey. The parties were a shopkeeper who had been cheated by his clerks, and an attorney whom he consulted about redress. This dialogue is part of a version from a curious Arabian manuscript, which was brought into England above sixty years ago, by the famous African Job Ben Solomon, and by him presented to the university of Oxford, a few weeks before his return to the river Gambia.* The rest of this translation is now ready for the press, and will be published by the reverend Mr. Pegge, in the next Volume of the *Archæologia*. The conference began on the side of the client, in these words.

S. For a long while past, I have discovered that two of my clerks are in the practice of robbing the till. By the clearest calculations it comes out, that, in the course of thirty years, they have plundered me of more than my shop and my

* Vid. some account of this foreigner, in Moore's Travels into the interior parts of Africa.

whole stock in trade are worth. What would you have me to do?

A. Turn them off to be sure.

S. I should be glad of that; but when I speak of it, they bawl out that it would be *unconstitutional*.

A. I do not rightly understand you.

S. They tell me, that it would be a breach of the *Constitution*.

A. When his majesty, the king of the Dahomes, orders a Joe or a Mundingoe to be roasted for his supper, does he trouble himself enquiring about the dog's constitution?

S. You mistake me still. They say that is it against the law for me to dismiss them; that I have engaged them, and that they will stick by me. One of them, who keeps my *upper house*, protests that he is descended from somebody, who was the grandson of somebody, who had the honour of kissing the posteriors of his present majesty's great grandfather's favourite Sultana, five days before that illustrious monarch sold her for a keg of brandy, six rusty knives, and an old shirt, to the captain of an English slave ship. If there be a difference between the rogues, this one is the most saucy, stupid, and worthless of the two. Yet he claims a *hereditary* right of sitting behind my desk.

A. That is of robbing you; and he may as well insist on a right to cuckold you, or to slit your nose, or, like a French planter in the West-Indies, to stamp his initials on your breast, half an inch deep, with a red hot iron.

S. The gentleman in my *lower house*, rests on my bargain with him, and swears that I shall be ruined if he forsakes me. He demonstrates that his assistance is necessary for my welfare.

A. And that a broken leg is requisite to your health, I suppose.

S. Four thousand of the literati of Bildulgerid have composed sixteen volumes a-piece, to find out which of

these two gentry came first into my service. They say that this excellent constitution of things was invented a thousand years ago, in the woods of Monomotapa, where they can clearly trace the origin of the rogue who keeps my lower house. Now the people in that country were then all exceedingly wise and virtuous. When they were to hold a national council, they began by getting drunk, that every man might speak his mind freely. They next quarrelled and broke each other's bones. On the following day, when the liquor had first been exhausted, they went to deliberate soberly; and our philosophers tell us, in quarto volumes, fifteen hundred pages deep, that these regulations were astonishing proofs of wisdom. They went naked all the year round, ate their flesh raw, and when they could get none of their neighbours to cut their throats, they jumped from the top of the first rock that they met with, in order that by breaking their necks they might get, in the next world, a seat in the hall of Odno. It must be an immensely strong argument in favour of any custom, that it has been derived from such magnanimous and profound sages.

A. Certainly; and the longer that these two clerks have been in your service, the more haste you should make to get rid of them. Is there never a good cudgel within your reach?

S. They have hired and armed a gang of fellows, as they say, to protect my liberty and property; but in reality to shoot me through the head, when they are desired to do so.

A. In that case you must apply to the trading justice over the way. His office is well worth his attendance. His perquisites would subsist fifty thousand families. You may depend on instant redress, for the philosophers of the Floop Country have solemnly decided that *he can do nothing wrong*.

S. And experience answers that he can do nothing right. But, as sure as your nose and mine are flat, he does nothing at all.

A. Has he not three lusty sons?

S. Their behaviour beggars all description. Africa, since it was a triangle, never produced such another triumvirate. But it is not worth our while to waste more words upon a family that, for the last five generations, has been distinguished by nothing but its assumed importance, and its real insignificance, by its ravenous appetite for money, its dwarfish mediocrity of understanding, its domestic quarrels, its vices, and its debts.

A. I shall think of your affair.*

* The British parliament has lately been occupied about discharging, for a second time, the debts of the Prince of Wales. Charles Fox and a few other hardened sycophants excepted, the whole house of commons admit that the behaviour of his Royal Highness has been highly shameful; and they pay his debts only because he is *heir to the crown*. The depravity of his conduct would be a very good reason for excluding him from the succession, but it can be none for pilfering the exchequer to pay his creditors. Since, as a private person, he has acted so very badly, much worse behaviour is to be expected, if he shall ever come to the throne. What a prospect for three kingdoms, and fourteen millions of people, that they are one day, to be governed and robbed by the most accomplished black-guard in the British empire, by a miscreant, whom no man would entrust as a stable-boy or a turnspit! A considerable part of these debts have been contracted at the gaming table. In the manuscript of a tour through Switzerland, which I have seen, the following passage may tend to illustrate the subject of this note: "At Berne, a heavy penalty is imposed upon any person, who in one day shall lose more than two pounds five shillings sterling, by gaming; and every member of government, and officer in public service, is obliged to take an oath, not only that he shall faithfully and honourably observe this law, but that he shall zealously maintain it, and that he shall freely and impartially give information against all persons who to his knowledge shall offend against it. The presence of some of those distinguished persons in all good companies, proves in fact, an invariable bar to immoderate play." With what contempt would a magistrate of Berne hear us prattling, that our government is the *envy* of the world!

C H A P. IV.

Miscellaneous memoirs of British glory—Expedition to Portugal in 1589—The Protestant Hero in Ireland—Hesians in America—Dr. Anderson of Madras—Nund-comar—Manifesto by Cheit Sing—Letter from the Nabob of Arcot—Dodington's Diary—Singular passage in it—Colonel Dow—Protest by Lord Stanhope—The Duke of Brunswick—Perfidious conduct of the present British Cabinet to France—The Duke of Tuscany—Internal abuses in the British government—House of Peers—Its savage phlegm on the slave-trade question—British in the West-Indies—In Holland—British treachery to that Republic—Insolence of Britain to her Colonies in North-America—Bishops—Whiteboys.

IN 1589, a design was formed in England to expel Philip the Second, King of Spain, from the throne of Portugal. On this occasion there enlisted twenty thousand volunteers. They attacked Lisbon, but were forced to retire. "They were not pursued by the enemy; and finding, at the mouth of the river, sixty ships laden with naval stores; they seized them as lawful prize; though they belonged to the Hanse towns, a neutral power. They sailed thence to Vigo, which they took and burned; and having ravaged the country round, they set sail; and arrived safely in England. Above the half of these gallant adventurers perished by sickness, famine, fatigue, and the sword; and England reaped more honour than profit from this extraordinary expedition."* It was chiefly distinguished by one act of notorious piracy, and another of wanton barbarity. The historian gets over this difficulty by saying, that there was more honour than profit in the transaction. In

* Hume's History of the House of Tudor, Vol. 2. Chap. 5.

1693, the countess of Ardglass, an Irish lady, in giving evidence before the British House of Lords, told them, that, "when she offered coals and wood at low rates to Villars, a lieutenant-colonel of dragoons, for his regiment, he answered, "*No; he should want no firing, as long as there was a house up on the estate*, and pulled down her houses to use the timbers for fuel."* By a parliamentary enquiry, at this time, it appeared how dreadfully the British army had plundered Ireland. "Their extortions were believed to amount to *two hundred thousand pounds*."† When these operations began, Ireland was, as it always had been, in a distressed and starving condition. It is likely that one half of its inhabitants were literally beggars. The value of money is three times greater at present than it was an hundred years ago, so that these two hundred thousand pounds, thus wrung from the gripe of wretchedness, were equal to six hundred thousand at this day. England, for above two years past, has been engaged in an expensive canvas for the election of Louis the Seventeenth, and yet the country certainly contains an hundred times more of real wealth, than Ireland did in the end of the last century. Now let us multiply the above six hundred thousand pounds by *an hundred*, which gives sixty millions sterling. To put the case home, we shall suppose that a banditti, like those of the protestant hero, were just now to be turned loose upon England, and to pillage that country to the extent of sixty millions sterling. This idea may give us a faint impression of the horrid outrages committed in Ireland. Indeed England would be much more wealthy after such a visitation, than Ireland was before the first time that William landed. Such an army deserved to be hung by the necks,

* Memoirs of Britain and Ireland, Vol. 2, Part 3d.

† Ibid.

from his majesty down to the last drummer. In 1691, they gained the battle of Aghrim, against the Irish, under St. Ruth, but "lost every claim to humanity, " by giving *no quarter*."* What Ireland suffered at this time, we may judge from its condition during the rebellion of Tyrone. Morrifon, an Englishman, and an eye-witness, quoted by Dr. Curry,† says, that "no spectacle was more frequent in the ditches of towns, and especially in wasted countries, than to see multitudes of these poor dead people *with their mouths all coloured green*, by eating nettles, docks, and all things they could rend above ground." Morrifon adds other circumstances so extremely horrid, that it seems proper to suppress them. If Burgoyne, with his copper-coloured confederates, had beaten the Connecticut militia, and reached Albany, America might at this day have envied an Irish beggar expiring *with his mouth all coloured green*.

What a work is likely to be, we may guess from the instruments employed to perform it. The following anecdotes of Hessian discipline deserve a place in this register of British magnanimity. They were communicated to me by Mr. Walter Berry, book-feller in Edinburgh, who resided for a considerable time in North-America. The reader may conjecture the condition of a continent, governed by the the assistance of twenty thousand Hessians.

"In this service," says Mr. Berry, "it is a rule that no soldier can be put to death by order of a court-martial, till the sentence has been confirmed by the Landgrave. Hence a prisoner might have been confined for eighteen months, before his sentence could be ratified, and the confirmation returned. The Hessian officers took a shorter way. You have heard of a

* Macpherson's History of Great-Britain, Vol. 1. Chap. 10.

† Review of the Civil Wars in Ireland, Vol. 1.

“ north-west American snow storm ; but unless you
 “ had felt it, you cannot possibly conceive its severity. With every precaution of clothing its effects
 “ on the human body are often terrible, and the loss
 “ of a nose, an ear, or a chin, is but one of its
 “ slightest consequences.

“ A Hessian soldier had deserted, and his officers
 “ were determined to dispatch him as soon as possible. He was tied up to be flogged in a north-
 “ west snow storm. Every drop of blood froze on
 “ the cat’s tail. I was within an hundred yards of
 “ the halberts when he expired.

“ One evening, when riding into Halifax, in Nova-
 “ va-Scotia, about eleven o’clock, I was stopt and
 “ insulted by the corporal of a Hessian picket guard.
 “ I complained next morning to his colonel, who,
 “ with all the brutal insolence of a despot, ordered
 “ the man to stand with his left arm stretched above
 “ his head. Two serjeants were called, and their orders
 “ were to thrash at him with their sticks till I
 “ should bid them stop. In ten minutes I suppose
 “ they must have pounded him into a mummy. I
 “ need hardly tell you that I immediately put an end
 “ to such a barbarous superfluity of vengeance.

“ Among the Hessians, theft was universal. One
 “ of them, an old man, stole a great coat of mine ;
 “ it was found, but he had cut off and sold the buttons.
 “ I interposed with his commander, but in vain. He was
 “ condemned to run the gauntlet twelve times through the
 “ regiment, which consisted of a thousand men. They were
 “ drawn up in two lines. Every man was supplied with a
 “ switch; an officer, armed with a cudgel, walked up
 “ behind each of the ranks, as the prisoner walked,
 “ and woe be to the man who neglected to give him
 “ a severe stroke ! To make him march deliberate
 “ and erect, a halbert was held pointed at his breast,

“ and another at his back, so that he could go but
 “ at a certain pace. In a few minutes his back,
 “ his breast, and even his face, were in a gore
 “ of blood. So much for the buttons of a great
 “ coat!* His infernal majesty has not served half his
 “ apprenticeship, unless he has been a jumper in the
 “ West-Indies, the captain of a slave-ship, or the
 “ colonel of a Hessian regiment.

“ When these troops were first landed from Eu-
 “ rope, the appearance of many of them announced
 “ an utmost consummation of wretchedness; the sick
 “ and the dead were treated with equal indifference;
 “ the scurvy had made dreadful havock, and I have
 “ seen them, like as many dogs, buried by cart-
 “ loads.

“ Every circumstance in their behaviour was
 “ marked with grossness and barbarity. In some re-
 “ giments, the major might at pleasure cudgel his
 “ captains, the captain his lieutenant, and the latter
 “ his ensign. Numbers of Americans, whose sensi-
 “ bility would not have allowed them to fight with
 “ Englishmen, were forward to exterminate these
 “ devoted foreigners.”

If we cannot, or dare not, fight our own battles, what right have we to shed the blood of a shoal of wretches, driven to slaughter at so much per head by their hereditary tyrants? Fifteen thousand Hessians are at present in British pay†. On the 21st of January 1795, the Commons voted the charge for foreign troops in British service during the current year. The sum was nine hundred and ninety-seven thousand two hundred and twenty-six pounds sterling. This, with the Austrian subsidy, will make seven millions sterling paid in a single year, by England, for homicide by proxy. The conduct of the British in the East-Indies is

* It is common to put a bullet into the mouth of the sufferer, that he may chew it during the extreme pain.

† Scots Magazine, vol. 57, p. 125.

described in the following details, and from them an American citizen will be assisted in forming an abstract idea of a British Lord Lieutenant at Boston or Philadelphia, surrounded by fifty thousand red-coats.

Dr. James Anderson, of Madras, in the pamphlet already quoted, gives a list of articles his property, which were destroyed by the troops of the East-India Company. These are, a boat; one hundred jack trees; three hundred cocoa nut trees; four thousand plantain trees, loaded with fruit, one hundred fig trees; three hundred lime trees; two hundred orange trees; five hundred mango trees; three hundred reapers; besides a number of particulars of less value. If the military behaved in this manner to Dr. Anderson, a gentleman of talents and probity, and who, as physician-general to the settlement, must have commanded more than usual respect, in what way shall we suppose that they treated the helpless natives? The doctor made a charge on the company for these losses, but was refused payment*.

The following *criminal case* is abridged from the new Annual Register, for 1781.

Nundcomar was a bramin of the first rank. He had been chief minister to the nabob of Bengal, and he was tried for a forgery in the English supreme court of that province. By the laws of Hindostan, forgery was not a capital offence; but Nundcomar was indicted on a statute passed in the reign of George the Second, of which *the natives had never heard*. The forgery had been committed *many years*

* I have not seen the pamphlet here quoted; nor was it ever to my knowledge re-printed in Britain. Dr. Anderson, so frequently cited in the first part of this publication, received a copy of it from his name-fake and relation, the author, at Madras. I believe that he lent it to Mr. James Tytler, who was concerned in writing the Historical Register; and, from extracts inserted in this last work, are borrowed the particulars quoted in this and the preceding chapter. Dr. Anderson of Madras, printed a pamphlet there, to recommend the introduction of cochineal. He was asked for printing it, four pagodas, or thirty-five shillings sterling, for the octavo page.

before; and, by an express clause in the body of the act itself, which was made with a particular reference to the state of credit in England, it was declared, that it should not extend even to Scotland. Yet this act was now extended to Bengal, a country which had not fallen into the possession of England, till almost forty years after the law had been passed. Nundcomar was found guilty, and executed. The judges even refused a respite, till the pleasure of George the third could be known. Nundcomar, when apprehended, was employed in exhibiting an accusation against Warren Hastings. This was considered as his real crime. "From that time," says Mr. Burke, "not a complaint has been heard from the natives against their governors. All the grievances of India have found a complete remedy!"*

Cheit Sing was one of the princes tributary to the East-India company. He was driven into rebellion by the insolence and rapacity of Hastings. The treatment that he received, must, indeed, have been very dreadful, for Mr. Pitt himself, the friend of Hastings, declared, in the British house of commons, that he, *as an honest man*, could not venture to defend it! The revolt, which ended in the flight of Cheet Sing, was attended with the usual circumstances of slaughter and devastation, besides an *immense loss of revenue* to the company. The mother and grandmother of Cheet Sing, commonly styled the begums of Oude, were plundered, by the soldiers, in the most shameful manner, and in defiance of the terms by which they had surrendered themselves, and a fortress which they held, to the forces of the company. There can be no question as to the reality of this outrage, for it is stated by major Popham, the commander at the siege, in an official letter. Besides other plunder, there was found in the fortress, the sum of three hundred and

* Speech on Mr. Fox's East-India bill.

twelve thousand pounds sterling, which was instantly divided among the *gallant troops*.

Cheit Sing, during his revolt, published a manifesto addressed to the native princes of India. In vindication of his public conduct, the rajah says, “ Look
 “ to my districts, look to theirs! Do not the opposite pictures which they present to you, mark their
 “ limits more distinctly, than even the boundaries which nature itself has drawn out? *My fields are
 “ cultivated, my villages are full of inhabitants, my country is a garden, and my subjects are happy!* My capital is the resort of the principal merchants of India, from the security that I have given to property. The treasures from the Marattas, the Jaits, the Saiks, and the most distant nations of India, are here deposited. Here the orphans and widows convey their property, and here they reside without fear of rapacity or avarice. The traveller from one end of my country to the other, lays down his burden, and sleeps in security. Look to the provinces of the company! There famine and misery stalk hand in hand through uncultivated fields and deserted villages. There you meet with nothing but aged men, who are not able to transport themselves away, or robbers watching to surprise their helplessness. When any of the servants of the English have passed through my country, every kindness has been shewn to them, and all their wants supplied; even their very coolies have had their burdens taken off, and carried for them, and passed on from village to village. When any of these gentlemen travelled through my country, my officers have attended them, to know their wants, supplied them with necessary provisions and carriage at my expence, and performed all their orders, as if they were my own. Let any of them be asked, if they met with such treatment in the countries under the Company’s management?

“ Were they not almost continually robbed, and in danger of their lives ? ” *

This account corresponds exactly with another exhibited by Hastings himself, in a minute of council, quoted by Mr. Burke, in the speech last mentioned. “ The country of Farruckabad,” says he, “ is become *almost an entire waste without cultivation or inhabitants*. The capital, which, but a very short time ago, was distinguished as one of the most populous and opulent commercial cities in Hindostan, at present exhibits nothing but *scenes of the most wretched poverty, desolation, and misery* ; and the nabob himself, though in possession of a tract of country, which, with only common care, is notoriously capable of yielding an annual revenue of three or four hundred thousand pounds (sterling), with *no military establishment* to maintain, scarcely commands *the means of a bare subsistence*.”

Mr. Burke subjoins, that this is a true and unexaggerated picture, not only of Farruckabad, but of three-fourths of the dominions of the East-India company. After such an acknowledgment, by Hastings himself, it would be absurd to suspect his accuser, Mr. Burke, of exaggeration. Of the method in which the British revenues in India, are extracted from the vitals of beggary, we shall give another specimen. On the 1st of September, 1783, one of the officers of the nabob of Arcot, addressed a letter to that prince, from which the following passage has been translated. “ The outrages and violences now committed, are of that astonishing nature, as were never known or heard of during the administration of the Circar. Hyder Naik, the most cruel of tyrants, used every sort of oppression in the Circar countries ; but even his measures were not *like those now pursued*. Such of the inhabitants as had escaped the sword and pillage of Hyder Naik, by

* Annual Register, for 1783, p. 28.

“ taking refuge in the woods, and within the walls of
 “ Vellore, &c. on the arrival of lord Macartney’s
 “ amildar at Vellore, and in consequence of his pro-
 “ mise of protection and support, most chearfully
 “ returned to the villages, set about the cultivation
 “ of the lands, and with great diligence, rebuilt their
 “ cottages. But now the amildar has imprisoned the
 “ wives and children of the inhabitants, seized the
 “ few jewels that were *on the bodies of the women*, and
 “ then, before the faces of their husbands, *flogged*
 “ *them*, in order to make them produce other jewels
 “ and effects, which, he said, *they had buried under*
 “ *ground*, and to make the inhabitants bring him mo-
 “ ney, notwithstanding that there was *yet no cultiva-*
 “ *tion of the country.*” What follows is still more
 horrible. “ Terrified with the lashes, some of them
 “ produced their jewels and wearing apparel of their
 “ women, to the amount of ten or fifteen pagodas*,
 “ which they had hidden. When others declared that
 “ they had none, the amildar *flogged their women se-*
 “ *verely, tied cords around their breasts, TORE THE*
 “ SUCKING CHILDREN FROM THEIR TEATS, AND
 “ EXPOSED THEM TO THE SCORCHING HEAT OF
 “ THE SUN. Those children *died*, as did the wife
 “ of Ramsoamy, an inhabitant of Bringpoor. Even
 “ this could not stir up compassion in the breast of
 “ the amildar. Some of the children that were some-
 “ what *large*, HE EXPOSED TO SALE. In short, the
 “ violences of the amildar are so astonishing, that
 “ the people on seeing their present situation, remem-
 “ ber the loss of Hyder with regret. With whomso-
 “ ever the amildar finds a single measure of rice, he
 “ takes it away from him, and appropriates it to the
 “ expences of the *sibindy* that he keeps up. No re-

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* A pagoda is worth eight shillings and nine-pence sterling, or nearly two dollars.

“ venues are collected from the countries ; but from
 “ the effects of the poor, wretched inhabitants.
 “ Those *ryotts* (yeomen) who intended to return to
 “ their habitations, hearing of those violences, have
 “ fled, with their wives and children, into Hyder’s
 “ country. Every day is ushered, and closed, with
 “ these violences and disturbances.” This letter has
 been printed at full length, by Mr. Burke, in an ap-
 pendix to his speech concerning the creditors of the
 nabob of Arcot. A translation of it was sent by the
 nabob himself to the court of directors. He adds,
 “ I have thousands more *of the same kind.*” Mr.
 Burke says, in a note, that practices of this kind had
 been common in almost every part of the miserable
 countries on the coast of Coromandel, for near twenty
 years past. He likewise observes, that whether the
 particulars stated in the above letter were true or
 false, neither the court of directors, nor the ministry,
have thought proper to enquire. Twenty years have
 past over since Mr. Burke printed this letter, which
 he did in 1785. It has excited no general examina-
 tion. Lord Macartney, who permitted such horrid
 crimes, has not been called to a public account, nor
 have I learnt that he made any public and regular
 denial of the fact in any shape whatever. He continues
 in favour at court, and was selected some years ago,
 as a British ambassador to China. If any one of those
 women, whose sucking children were torn from their
 teats, and whose breasts were tied round with cords,
 had been a queen of France, or Spain, then the British
 empire would have vented its horror in whole libraries
 of reproach. Neither Marat, nor Robespierre, nor
 any other enemy to the human species, ever did any
 thing worse than what is here stated. But then they were
 Frenchmen, and the British eagerly grasped this op-
 portunity to make a parade of sensibility, at the ex-
 pence of a republic, which they feared and hated. If

they are serious in their aversion to bloodshed, they ought to prove so by abolishing the slave-trade, and by protecting their subjects in Bengal from oppression.

Mr. Dodington, in his Diary, has a minute, dated 27th of June, 1751, that shews the embryo of British Oriental despotism. He, that morning, wrote a letter to the duke of Newcastle, inclosing a memorial from one colonel Milles, an officer in the service of the emperor, as duke of Tuscany. The Ostend company had bought two settlements from the Mogul, on the coast of Bengal. These were, in 1744, seized by a rebel; and Milles wanted the king of England "to assist him either in retaking the province, with the consent of, and for the Mogul, or in making war upon the usurper, who took and still retains his forts. He submits to the king, entirely, the share and disposition of the gains, and the plan of the expedition." Mr. Dodington subjoins, that this plan was attempted about six years ago, and cost the emperor fifteen thousand pounds, and we prevented the execution at the instigation of the East-India company. Mr. Milles assures me, that the province of Bengal is *the richest in the known world*; that he knows where *to lay his hands on FIFTY MILLIONS STERLING*, and that he can make himself master of it with fifteen hundred men, which the emperor will furnish. All that he demands of us is shipping and stores, &c. enough to carry them, to be added to three ships, which the emperor now has, and which he bought for this expedition before, at the time when we disappointed it." A Mogul Tartar would have the very same title to attack the county of Middlesex, and *to lay his hands on the bank of England*. This scheme was not adopted by the English ministry, but within six years after, we find the English East-India Company prosecuting the system here pointed out. They attack a rebel against the Mogul, set up a nabob of their own, and in the mean time plunder the country.

A clamour against French barbarity, would come with a better grace from almost any other people than ourselves. Colonel Dow says, that “ no collector
 “ (of revenue), nor even his principal servant, tra-
 “ vels over any part of his district, without im-
 “ posing upon the village in which he chooses to rest, a
 “ tax of rice, fowl, kid, fruits, and every other
 “ luxury of the table, for himself and his depend-
 “ ents. He also levies *finer at pleasure*, for frivolous
 “ pretences, and under various and often false pre-
 “ texts. The *crime* consists in the ability of the per-
 “ son to pay the fine, and nothing but excess of mi-
 “ sery and poverty is safe from the griping hand of
 “ avarice.—The total suspension of all justice among
 “ the natives of Bengal, was another cause of na-
 “ tional decay. Men who retained some property,
 “ in spite of the violence of the times, instead of be-
 “ ing *protected* by British laws, found that they had
 “ not even the justice of a despot to depend
 “ upon when they were wronged. The officers of
 “ the nabob *as they were called*, committed every spe-
 “ cies of violence, under pretence of the orders of
 “ the company. When any person complained to
 “ the governor and council, he was referred back to
 “ those very men of whom he had complained. The
 “ heavy crime of having appealed to British justice,
 “ was thrown in his face, by oppressors who were at
 “ once judge and party ; and ruin and corporal pu-
 “ nishment were added to his other wrongs. The
 “ spirit which asserts the natural rights of mankind,
 “ was called *insolence*, till it was totally broken by op-
 “ pression.” * The same author having proposed a
 plan for restoring the prosperity of Bengal, adds,
 “ Provisions would fall to a third part of the present
 “ price ; the country would assume a new face, and
 “ the people wear the aspect of joy. Immense tracts
 “ of land, which now, with their woods, conceal *the*

* History of Indostan, vol. 3, p. 95—106.

“ *ruins of great cities, would again be cultivated; and*
 “ new provinces arise out of those marshy islands,
 “ near the mouth of the Ganges, which are, at pre-
 “ sent the wild haunts of the rhinoceros and the
 “ tiger.”* These islands were formerly full of
 people. Some years ago, Henry Dundas said in par-
 liament, that India was “ the brightest jewel in the
 “ British crown.” This *jewel* has cost, at least, as
 many lives as the whole number of the French na-
 tion. In the late war with Tipoo Saib, it is com-
 puted by Major Dirom, that this monarch lost forty-
 nine thousand men.† We may safely add, as many
 women and children, who perished by famine and
 other casualties. This addition will appear extremely
 probable, when we consider the following extract of
 of a letter to Dr. Anderson of Edinburgh, dated Fort
 St. George, 17th of March, 1792—“ In our northern
 “ Circars there is a most dreadful famine raging; *one-*
 “ *half, nay three-fourths* of the inhabitants destroyed,
 “ the country every where being *covered with human*
 “ *bones.*”

When we coolly contemplate the tenor of our own
 conduct, we shall cease to be surprised at the cruelty
 of other nations. Mr. Pitt has declared in the
 house of commons, that he considered the retreat of
 the duke of Brunswick out of France, as the greatest
 misfortune which could have befallen mankind. His
 serene highness, in his manifesto, had threatened the
 city of Paris with *total destruction*. The majority in
 parliament who support the minister must, it appears,
 have been more willing to see Paris burnt and razed,
 than Brunswick defeated; for if the latter was the
 greatest of all possible misfortunes to mankind, it
 would have been cheaply purchased by the destruc-
 tion of Paris.

On the 6th of January, 1795, Earl Stanhope
 moved, in the British house of lords, a resolution,

* History of Indostan, Vol. 3, p. 126.

† Guthrie's Geographical Grammar, 14th Edition, p. 686.

“ that this country ought not, and will not interfere, in the internal affairs of France; and that it is expedient, explicitly to declare the same.” It was rejected, and Lord Stanhope, who was *totally unsupported in the division*, entered a protest, of which here is the fourth article.

“ Because I highly disapprove and reprobate the doctrine advanced by ministers in this debate; namely, *that to restore the ancient and hereditary monarchy of France*, NO EXPENCE SHOULD BE SPARED. And I reprobate that pernicious and uncivic doctrine, the more strongly, from its not having been suddenly, hastily, or inconsiderately started; but from its having been taken up (as it was solemnly declared) upon *the utmost deliberation*.”

On the 19th of November, 1792, the French Convention had past a decree, that seemed to promote interference with the government of other nations. They soon repented of this resolution, and have since, by an article of their new constitution, of June 1793, virtually repealed it. When it past, the cabinet of England were offended. The French were anxious to make any sort of explanation. The ministry would hear none; and they held up this decree, as one of the chief provocations for a quarrel with France. We see that they are now adopting this identical doctrine a thousand times more ardently than the French ever did. On their own principles, we are thus warranted in applying to them, and the present governing party in Britain, that torrent of abusive epithets which they have bestowed on the French republic.

Thus much for the *consistency* of the court of London; let us now reflect what sort of interference they are to exert. Five hundred thousand Hessians, and other savages, who scarcely rank higher in the scale of existence than the cannibals of New-Zealand, and the hyænas of Abyssinia, are to wade through the entrails of a whole nation. Such are the instruments,

What is the object? *To restore the ancient and hereditary monarchy of France!* One must have a heart of iron, if his blood does not curdle at the very idea of such a restoration. Formerly, we complained that the ambition of the French court constantly embroiled Europe. The monarchy itself was invariably represented as a most ridiculous and execrable system of tyranny. The French, for submitting to it, were often so much despised by a Briton, that he hardly considered them as of the same species with himself. Now, the French court is annihilated, and England undertakes a war to restore it. This is a second proof of British *consistency*. The French, when the slaves of a despot, were despised and hated. A multitude of victories, and of splendid philosophical discoveries, have placed them above contempt; but they are hated a thousand times worse than ever; and if they had not made by far the most stupendous exertions that were ever heard of, exertions that no people except themselves were capable of making, the partitioners of Poland would have crushed them to atoms; and the duke of Brunswick, at the head of his executioners, would have given up a city, containing at least four hundred thousand innocent children, to total destruction; whilst the British senate, with a few solitary exceptions, possessed humanity to desire, and wisdom to expect, that this horrid catastrophe would take place. Let us no longer talk of Neros and Caligulas. Here we have six or seven hundred Caligulas in a single bunch. When Brunswick, in August 1792, invaded France, no Briton considered himself, or his interest, as in the smallest danger from that country. Indeed, the overthrow of the Republic was by many supposed to be at hand. A report soon after spread, and was believed, that the French, under Dumourier, were defeated, and throughout Britain, the ministerial party manifested extravagant joy. It cannot be alledged that, in autumn, 1792, the French had given any cause of of-

fence to England. They had not resolved to open the Scheldt, for they had not then conquered Flanders. Their decree, for interfering with foreign governments, did not exist till the 19th of November, that is to say, for two or three months after. They had neither executed, nor even tried the king. These three circumstances comprehend the provocation of which England pretended to complain. We had thus no motive of interest or resentment to make us wish the destruction of Paris, and yet the ministerial party, on the supposed route of Dumourier, exulted in the most insolent stile. We can safely presume that, at least an hundred thousand persons joined in this triumph; and wished that a city containing eight hundred thousand inhabitants, should be delivered up to military execution. Even the destruction of Paris was only to have been the opening wedge to universal butchery. The duke of Brunswick himself, in his second manifesto, plainly said so;* and the subsequent conduct of the Prussians in Poland, assures us that he would have kept his word. Now, what apology could the hundred thousand Britons abovementioned make for their diabolical satisfaction? The case admits of none; and thus they stand convicted of being exactly upon a level with his *serene* highness of Brunswick, the Roman *delight of mankind*, the elder Cato, the younger Scipio, and the other characters of that stamp, which have so frequently disgraced the human form. These are the people that revile French barbarity. In the face of day, they kindled the train, and now they rail at the explosion.

* "If the king, the queen, or any person of the royal family, should be carried off from that city, (Paris) all the places and towns whatsoever, which shall not have opposed their passage, and shall not have stopped their proceedings, shall incur the same punishments, as those inflicted upon the inhabitants of Paris." There is more to the same effect. If this was the language of Brunswick on the frontiers of France, it would have been still worse at Paris.

The conduct of Britain to the duke of Tuscany deserves notice. He had been foremost to acknowledge France as a republic. In May, 1793, Hervey, British ambassador at Florence, gave official notice, that the combined fleets of Spain and Britain, had arrived in the Mediterranean, and he expressed scruples as to the *neutrality* observed by the duke. He was told that it would be adhered to. Hervey replied, "that this continuance of the neutrality will depend upon the manner in which the allied powers shall consider it," with more of the wolf's logic to the lamb. He reproached the duke for his "partiality to a nation which rendered itself guilty of regicide, in the sacred person of his uncle, the late king of France, a nation, the avowed enemy of his brother, the emperor, of his uncle the king of Spain, and of almost every *crowned head* in Europe." Hervey inclosed a copy of this letter in another, which he sent to each of the foreign ministers at Florence, and in which he spoke of the duke in the most disrespectful terms. The duke, he said, was not able to vindicate in his own mind, his measures regarding France. His obstinacy on this head was ascribed to the ascendancy of a single person, who, from his tenderest infancy, had swayed the duke. The approach of the British and Spanish fleets, and *the just and unavoidable displeasure of the court of St. James's*, were announced in the stile of a Russian envoy to a Polish diet. On the 8th of October, 1793, the duke was allowed by Hervey, twelve hours to deliberate. He submitted. The campaign of 1794, put an end to his fear of crowned heads, and his friendship with France has been renewed by a treaty. The letters from Hervey may be condensed into a single sentence. "I am going to rob on the highway, and if you refuse to come along with, and help me, I shall knock out your brains." Indeed, the subjects of Britain, who are the only free people in the world,

have been so much accustomed to suffer robbery at home, that they cannot be expected to feel much indignation at any violence committed by their government abroad. Of judicial felony, I shall give a late example.

On the king's birth-day, in June, 1792, the captain of a revenue cutter, fired his guns. One of them had the tompon in its muzzle, which hurt the master of a fishing vessel, who threatened a prosecution. The revenue officer immediately seized the vessel, for not being built and rigged, agreeable to act of parliament. It was urged, that all other fishing vessels at Dartmouth were built *upon the same plan*. The defendant was cast; and thus lost his ship for complaining of an injury. About three years ago, a number of journeymen shoemakers in London, resolved not to work for their masters, without an advance of wages. About eighty or an hundred of them were apprehended, and sent to Newgate for three months. A party of their associates met them on their way to prison, and attacked the constables, but were beat off. In June last (1795), the same class of people in Philadelphia had a dispute of this nature with their employers, and, without any disturbance at all, every man took work for himself, wherever he could find it. This was, as it should be. In the old countries, every thing is jolted out of its place, by a multiplicity of useless or tyrannical statutes. *Too much cookery spoils the pottage*, says the proverb. In summer 1778, the journeymen carpenters of Edinburgh were idle for nine weeks, by a squabble of this kind. At last they submitted, after some of their families had been reduced to a starving condition. America should be careful to curb this pest of corporations. The Edinburgh Advertiser, of the 13th of November, 1792, contains an article from London, in these words: "The journeymen curriers, after a fruitless contest of near six months for an advance of wages, have wisely and quietly

“ gone again to their *employ*” * They must have been spending money, if they had it, faster during the time, than if they had been working ; and rating them at a guinea per week for wages, this amounts to two guineas. Suppose that they were idle for twenty three weeks, and then the real loss on each man is forty six guineas. If London contained three hundred journeymen Curriers, thirteen thousand eight hundred guineas were thus wasted in support of an oppressive monopoly.

These examples of domestic tyranny are inserted to diversify the subject ; but they are only so many flea bites compared with what follows. On the 26th of February last, there was a debate in the House of Commons, on the abolition of the slave trade. Mr. Whitbread, on this occasion, remarked, that “ with regard to the conduct of the House of Lords, “ he thought it most extraordinary and unaccountable. “ Thus much he was warranted in saying, whatever “ might be their motives, and he held in his hand “ a statement which he begged leave to read to the “ house. It was now more than three years, since “ the examination of witnesses began in the House of “ Lords. In the whole of that time, they had occupied only fourteen days. On this important business, “ when he barely stated this, he trusted that house “ was not so much lost to shame, as the Lords appeared to be, nor could they think otherwise than “ that the conduct of the other house had been *most disgraceful*. The first session, they sat six days, and “ examined seven witnesses ; the next year, they sat five “ days, and examined seven more ; and the third, they “ sat three days and examined two witnesses. He “ acknowledged that there was no way of forcing “ them to act otherwise, but it was the business “ of that house to persist in urging a decision upon so great a question, so strongly and repeatedly, “ to make them find that they cannot by any *manœuvre* blink it. (Here he was called to *order*.)

* This is a Cockney phrase. The word cannot be used as a noun.

“ He concluded, by replying to the insinuations
 “ thrown out at different times, against the brave
 “ officers who had commanded in the West Indies,
 “ calumnies as gross as they would be proved un-
 “ founded. No direct charges being made, it was
 “ impossible to give these insinuations so complete
 “ a refutation as might be wished.” Thus we see
 that the British House of Peers are solicitous to con-
 tinue the slave trade. At the same time they pretend
 to be shocked at the execution of Louis Capet, and
 speak of their *compassion*. As to what Mr. Whitbread
 says, about the commanders in the West Indies,
 Bartholomew Roberts might have been ashamed
 of their behaviour. It is indeed impossible to bring
so complete a refutation as might be wished; but the charges
 are sufficiently *direct*. Mr. Whitbread may find them
 in a pamphlet entitled *Confiscation considered; or, Doubts*
on the propriety of plundering our friends, printed at
 London, some months ago. The French West Indies
 are there stated, as having been most wantonly and
 perfidiously robbed, though Jervis, and Grey had
 proclaimed to the inhabitants, “ a full enjoyment of
 “ all their lawful property”. The author affirms
 that *defenceless batteries and unfortified villages* were
 taken at the point of the bayonet, with a rapidity that
 admitted of *no parley*, because it was “ requisite to the con-
 “ summation of our purpose, that every thing should
 “ fall by assault and force of arms; that we might be
 “ at liberty to exercise the privilege understood to
 “ be annexed to unconditional conquest.” He then
 contrasts this felonious conduct with the generosity of
 the French to the British West India Islands, which
 they conquered during the last war. He obser-
 ves that the deliberate plunder of Martinique was
 only to be equalled by the rapacity of our officers at
 St. Eustatius. The former proceedings of Sr. Charles
 Grey, at Fairhaven, Bedford, and Martha’s Vine-
 yard justify a suspicion that he is capable of any
 crime. The *legal adjudication* of American vessels was a

suitable counterpart by sea, to the British progress by land, both in the West Indies and in Flanders.

The British troops, in the outset of the present war, went over to Holland with the ridiculous impression that were to be *protectors* of the Dutch. The latter considered this assistance as an insult. They had no cause of quarrel with France, nor had they asked the interference of England. The French had offered to give up the opening of the Scheldt; and the object itself was not worth an appeal to the sword. The peasants of Holland often murdered British stragglers; and, wherever they durst, refused, even to the sick and wounded, all kinds of accomodation. They sometimes, when offered more than the worth of an article, destroyed it in presence of the intended purchaser. In the midst of a most wealthy country, the British were frequently in want of necessaries. Their own conduct exasperated, as usual, the public indignation. The Duke of York, in a manifesto, plainly admits that they had committed innumerable outrages. At present, the people of Britain are busy in extolling the merit of those *illustrious veterans* who have escaped home from Holland. The ministerial newspapers are likewise filled with triumphant predictions of the mischief, that the French will perpetrate, in the United Provinces. If they do any, England alone deserves the blame. She drove these two nations into hostilities, when they were equally anxious to live in mutual peace. She weakly supposed that her hand full of land forces were able to resist "an armed nation," that could muster three millions of fighting men. By the ranting stile in fashion, it might have been presumed that the foot guards and the Coldstream regiment were fit, for their own share, to conquer Normandy. And now when all these visions have ended where they ought to do, the governing party in Britain comfort themselves with hoping that the French will ruin Holland. You draw your neighbour into a quarrel, run off and leave him to be drubbed, and next day publish in an advertisement, that you

hope every bone in his skin has been broken. When Amsterdam was taken, a great number of Dutch merchant vessels lay in the British harbours, and were instantly seized. Letters of marque were also issued against Dutch ships. It is impossible to figure measures more perfectly diabolical. Though the French had seized Holland, and some English vessels in its harbours, that state had not declared war against England; and it was well known, that she never would do so, *if it was in her power to help it*. The seizure of Dutch vessels, was just if a man, finding an acquaintance murdered on the highway, should hasten to rifle his pockets. Since this transaction, an act or parliament has been past for, encouraging the Hollanders to bring their property to England; but the temptation to sea robbery, in the first instance, was too strong to be resisted.

When it suits her purpose, the court of London knows well how to adopt the language of moderation. On the 19th of November, 1794, Mr. Jay as ambassador from America, signed a treaty of commerce with lord Grenville. The 10th article declares, that
 “neither the debts due from individuals of the one na-
 “tion, to individuals of the other, nor shares nor monies
 “which they may have in the public funds, or in the
 “public or private banks, shall ever in any event of war
 “or national difference, be sequestered or confiscated,
 “*it being unjust and impolitic* that debts and engagements
 “contracted and made by individuals, having confi-
 “dence in each other, and in their respective govern-
 “ments, should ever be destroyed or impaired by na-
 “tional authority, on account of national differences
 “and discontents.”

Grenville had certainly forgot this clause, when he consented to the confiscation of the Dutch merchantmen. The case was even much stronger, in favour of the latter, than that put in the treaty. There existed no war, or *national difference* between England and the United Provinces. On the contrary they had

been allies; and peace was unviolated. Pichegru, and not the Dutch, had arrested English shipping at Amsterdam. The government was fairly cast upon its back; and France, like a Colossus, strode over it. Britain embraced this opportunity to ruin an immense number of innocent individuals. The morality of the cabinet, and that of the people play, in perfect unison. This great act of piracy was received with loud applause by the bravest, the greatest, and the most generous of nations, a nation that forces its encomiast to feel the feebleness of his faculties, a nation so unrivalled both for honesty and humanity, that it hangs annually more criminals than any four governments in Christendom!

While the United States of North America were pinned like a dishclout, to the tail of England, all sorts of felons of both sexes, were transported from the latter country to the former, and suffered to incorporate with its inhabitants. What would an English minister have thought of a proposal from the court of Versailles, for emptying the jails of Paris, on the coast of Kent? Parliament might as well have enacted, that every native American, when he first landed in England, was to be saluted with the contents of a clove stool. The general insult would not have been greater, and the positive injury would have been much less. If an honest stocking weaver had attempted to convey his frames from London to New York, he would have been treated as a felon. "When high duties on the importation of slaves were imposed, before the revolution, by some of the colonial assemblies, they were rendered of no effect by *the negative of the crown*."* Dr. Johnson, in his *Taxation no tyranny*, reproaches the Americans as *the drivers of negroes*. He should have added that of these drivers, the king of England was the chief.

* A view of the United States of North America, by Tench Coxe, Book 1. Chap. 8. Section 4.

“ It is a law founded on the very nature of colonies, that they ought to have *no culture or arts*, wherein to rival the arts and culture of their parent country. For which reason, a colony, incapable of producing any other commodities than those produced by the mother country, would be more dangerous than useful. It would be proper to call *home its inhabitants and give it up.*” * Upon this principle, if Noah had disembarked his family in England, no other country in the world, would at this day have been suffered to contain a carpenter, a blacksmith, a taylor, a shoemaker, or any other common mechanic. England produces excellent wheat, cattle, and manufactures of various kinds. Every colony that produces them would have been more *dangerous* than useful, and its inhabitants ought to have been *called home again*. The British statutes regarding their colonies, uniformly proceed upon this doctrine, as if nature had created the rest of the human race, only, that they might become customers to the weavers of Manchester, and the cutlers of Sheffield. England hath acquired her present dropscical magnitude of dominion, by the virtues of a pedlar, and the vices of a monopolist. The following paragraph, besides a thousand others, has fairly *turned the cat out of the bag*.

“ Certain it is, that hitherto ENGLAND has, at her own expence, maintained the balance and liberties of Europe, at the risk of her own, and it has cost Scotland and Ireland *scarce any thing*; all that we have endeavoured is to starve them *without expence, and ourselves with*. We bleed ourselves almost to death, and think, *as some ingenious author observes*, to recruit our own spirits *by devouring three or four millions of Scotch, Irish, and Americans*, and by excess of cunning make the ruin general.” †

* Britain's Commercial Interest explained and improved, by Malachy Postlethwyat, printed at London, 1757, Vol. 1. Dissertation 6.

† Ibid. Vol. 1. Dissertation 11th.

Ireland, Wales, and Scotland, are like three plants of inferior size, whose natural growth has been stunted by the vicinity of an oak. It would have been happy for Ireland, if its inhabitants had unanimously consented to become Jews, or Turks, or indeed any sort of religion, that admitted of military resistance. Three-fourths of the people are Roman Catholicicks. The rest are divided into various sects, of whom episcopalianians are not perhaps a sixth or tenth part. Hence, *Protestant ascendancy*, attempting to contend with England, has proved like a dog trying to stand upon one of his hinder legs. Government promoted discord among the people, and a rigorous exaction of tithes embittered sectarian prejudice. A protestant bishop squeezing his revenue from a Roman Catholic or a Quaker, is, in reality, but a highwayman, and the first impulse of nature would be to shoot him through the head. The rapacity of the Irish landed interest and the priesthood, gave rise to the White Boys, the Defenders, and other insurgents, whom a multiplicity of oppressions had driven to despair. We pretend to admire Pelopidas, Brutus, and other tyrannicides of antiquity; but an Irish peasant, who has been robbed by the church of the sheaf that was to keep his wife and children from starving, is as perfectly entitled, as a Greek or Roman ever was, to defend his property, and to execute his vengeance.*

M

* On the subject of tyrannicide, the opinions of mankind are somewhat inconsistent. If an American soldier, at the battle of Bennington, or Yorktown, had met George the third, and put him to the bayonet, Congress would have applauded his prowess. If the man had gone over to London, and put an end to his majesty in the house of peers, he would have been abhorred even by many friends to America; and yet the guilt or innocence of the deed would, in both cases, have been exactly the same.

C H A P. V.

Conduct of England in the present French war—William Windham—Norwich Election—Prussian and Austrian Subsidies—Anson—The dreadful design of his voyage—Spanish generosity—Character of British Sailors and Soldiers—Nova Scotia.

ARTHUR Young, in a late pamphlet, declares, that, if he was a Spanish minister, he would not abolish the inquisition. He recommends the abolition of Sunday schools, and the liberty of the press. He advises that poor people should not be taught to read, lest they may peruse the writings of Mr. Thomas Paine. He proposes *a horse militia of property*, and about four months ago, an Edinburgh newspaper congratulated the public upon this plan having been almost universally adopted. It is hardly three years since this very Arthur Young, in his account of a Tour into France, roundly asserted the *complete worthlessness* of the British constitution.

When the ministry began the present war with France, Charles Fox, at the head of a very small party in parliament opposed it. He was insulted on the floor of the house of commons, in the grossest terms. On Powis told him, that his conduct was exactly such as an advocate of the Convention would pursue. In the print shops of London, he was represented as a French counsel with a brief and fee in his hand. He was drawn, holding by the hair, the bloody head of Louis Capet. Mr. Sheridan and he were exhibited feasting at a banquet of decapitated kings; while other devices delineated figures of Frenchmen, devour-

ing the bodies of their murdered fellow citizens.* The actors of Drury-lane, and the tumblers of Saddler's Wells, performed over again the sinking of the *La Vengeur*, which furnished a topick "of vapouring" and insult, of ballad singing, and Bartholomew "fair ribaldry, of crackers and illuminations."† It has been affirmed, and Mr. Holcroft seems to believe so, that the crew of this ship, consisting of twelve hundred men, refused to strike, and sunk all together shouting *Vive la republique!* and firing their guns till the water rushed into their port-holes. Lord Howe says, that many of them were saved. French bravery requires not the aid of embellishment or fiction, and the account of Lord Howe will perhaps persuade the reader, that this tale is without foundation. But, as a brave enemy is always respectable, what are we to think of the audiences who attended such a brutal exhibition? They resembled that worthy band of magistrates, who, on the 4th of June, 1792, excited a mob on the streets of Edinburgh, that dragoons might disperse it, and the one hundred and twenty Scotch miscreants, who massacred, at midnight, the Macdonalds of Glenco. The news of this naval victory was received, at London, in a way, that reflects utter disgrace on the English nation. A riot ensued, that lasted for two or three days. Carriages coming into town were surrounded by gangs of ruffians, who compelled the pas-

* Holcroft's letter to Windham, p. 43. Last winter, at the New Theatre in Philadelphia, something designed to represent a *bloody scalp*, was, one evening, hung up in a corner of the stage. In the original tragedy of *Lear*, the eyes of the earl of Gloucester are thrust out before the audience; and Dr. Johnson supposes this exhibition to be so horrid, that it must have disgusted any sort of spectators. The critic was mistaken, for scalping is more horrible than even googing, and the former did not seem to hurt the feelings of a Philadelphian audience. If we must have scalping, it would be an improvement to drive an ox upon the stage, and two journeymen butchers might be hired to skin him alive.

† Ibid. p. 34.

sengers to give them money for drinking an oblation to the victory. The outrages of this "swinish multitude" were understood to be directed by persons of superior rank. The windows of *Lord Stanhope*, and some other gentlemen, though *illuminated*, were broken.

When Mr. William Windham accepted his present office in the cabinet, his seat in parliament became of course vacant, and he went back to Norwich as a candidate. When he alighted at the inn yard, it was full of people. One Amis asked, *why he had broke his word to his electors by voting for the French war?* "You may go and be damned, all of you," said Mr. Windham, and attempted to strike the querist. He went in person to a carpenter, and bespoke a guillotine, with a female figure on the platform, having its head struck off and bleeding. Above there was an inscription; *this is French liberty*. The machine was led in procession by his partisans. A gentleman on the other side represented that it might produce a riot. "Well Sir," said Mr. Windham, "we are ready to meet you, on that ground, "If you have a mind to try your strength, let us *fight it out*."* A battle began, and the guillotine was instantly shivered to atoms. This pugilist has returned to parliament, and rails, by the hour, at French anarchy!

The town of Norwich was reduced to deep distress. The journeymen of one comber had dwindled from sixty to fifteen. A hot-presser said that, before the war, he employed more men than the whole trade of Norwich employs now. Spinning was reduced to half its former price. Poor rates, from one shilling and nine-pence in the pound, per quarter, had risen to four shillings and nine-pence, and were expected at the following term to be six shillings.† With this

* Holcroft's letter to Windham, p. 42. The writer pledges himself that these circumstances are true, and can be proved by respectable witnesses. † Ibid. p. 40. This letter is dated 16th January, 1795.

burst of misery before his eyes, Mr. Windham, on the 30th of December last, put the following queries, in the house of commons: "Who can say that he has felt the war? Has any man *in this house* felt its distresses? Have *the poor* felt them?"

When a foreigner looks into the court and city calendar, and sees such enormous pensions cast away, he might imagine that English guineas fell in showers like hail-stones; but turning round, he perceives the mass of corruption, vice, and wretchedness, through which they are torn from the entrails of the people. At the same time, he is deafened with rhapsodies in praise of our constitution, and with assertions, in the tone of a mountebank doctor, that our government is the wonder and envy of the world. He next looks into the principles and practice adopted for choosing our pretended representatives in parliament. He there wanders through "a kingdom of absurdities" more extravagant than Cervantes durst have invented for the dominions of Sancho Panza. He is finally tempted to infer, that Britons have neither wisdom to value, nor virtue to obey a better government, and that, as the proverb tells us, *It is a good commodity which pleases the purchaser.*

On the 19th of April, 1794, the king of Prussia engaged by a treaty with England and Holland, to bring into the field against France sixty-two thousand four hundred men. These were to be exclusive of his contingent as a prince of the empire. On the 5th of February, 1795, Mr. Sheridan observed in the house of Commons, that this monarch had received twelve hundred thousand pounds sterling, but apparently without any discharge at all on *his* part of the obligation; and he thought it most remarkable, that one of the payments was made so late as the 4th of October, 1794, when all hope of the advance of the Prussian forces had vanished. The business ended exactly as it should have done. We have alternately been the bullies and the bubbles of Europe. Philip

de Comines tells a common saying of the French in his days, that though the English might beat them in making war, they were sure to beat the English *in making peace*. Accordingly, in her continental transactions, Britain has always been a ridiculous dupe. Mr. Pitt, that he may convince us of his being perfectly incurable, hath, since the desertion of Prussia, *lent*, on the same account, six millions sterling to the emperor. The latter, in a manifesto, dated the 12th of August, 1794, had, in the most unqualified language of despair, proclaimed his incapacity to contend with France. Within seven weeks after this confession, his grand army was pounded into chaff by Jourdan, who did not pursue the fugitives across the Rhine, because he had already made as many acquisitions as he was able to manage. The conquest of Holland came next, and engraved on the pages of fate the ascendancy of France. In this situation, Pitt solicits and almost forces the emperor to accept of five times the sum, of which Britain had just before been swindled by the court of Berlin. Francis, directly after, publishes a declaration, that he is very willing to make peace with the republicans, and, on the 7th of June, 1795, he suffers them to take Luxembourg, without attempting to relieve it. This was a hopeful way for expending six millions sterling. The administration of Mr. Pitt is a *non-descript* in the history of mankind.

In 1791, the Poles rose against their invaders, and a sum was subscribed in England to support their exertions. Three years after, the same people submit to become paymasters to the partitioners of Poland, for, in securing his share of that prey, Frederick William expended the twelve hundred thousand pounds of British subsidy. The six millions to Francis are to be employed in the same adventure. He will not, if he can help it, fire a single musket against France, nor is the republic disposed to compel him. She has to recover Corsica, and he to extend the *antient* frontiers of Lodomeria. Catherine has like-

wife entered into a British alliance, and the price of her assistance, will, in due time, be divulged. Thus each of the triumvirate has been subsidized by England to attack France. For the last hundred years of our history, the British cabinet has become a kind of volcano in the *moral* world, spreading destruction in the proportion of an Alps to a mole-hill beyond the petty ravages of Etna or Vesuvius.*

The account of Anson's voyage round the world, is one of the best written books in the English language. We are equally struck with the superior abilities of the officer who conducted, and the author who recorded it. The objections now to be made against that work, are not levelled at the memory of eminent men, but at the general system of political thinking that prevails in the British nation.

In the last chapter of the second book, Mr. Walter enumerates the advantages that might have been derived from this expedition, if the squadron had not been so fatally crippled in its outset. Among these, he dwells upon the probability, that the Chilese Indians, to the number of near thirty thousand men, would have been induced to break in upon the Spanish province. Its effeminate inhabitants were incapable of resistance; and *the Indians would have been soon masters of the whole country*. The president of Chili

* That the British ministry are actual partners in the conspiracy against the Poles is a charge not lightly made. The minority in parliament were, some months ago, upbraiding them, with their folly in having paid a subsidy to such a notorious character as the king of Prussia, who employed the money not against France, but *against Poland*. Sir William Pulteney replied, that the Prussians, by reducing that country, might be of as much service for the destruction of Jacobin principles, and the general object of *establishing regular government*, as they could have been by fighting directly against the French. This blunt confession excited some risibility, and hath since been quoted by Charles Fox, as a key to the projects and principles of Mr. Pitt. Sir William Pulteney purchased, some years ago, *two* rotten boroughs, or in other words, the right of sending *four* members to parliament, which is exactly the number sent by the city of London. This is *regular* government.

had, some time before the arrival of the Squadron, prolonged, by dint of large presents, a truce with the Indians; but the hatred of the latter "to the Spainards" was so great, that it would have been impossible for "their chiefs, *how deeply soever corrupted*, to have kept them from joining us." The Spainards "still remember with the utmost horror, the sacking of their cities, the burning of their convents, the captivity of their wives and daughters, and the desolation of their country by these resolute savages, in the last war between the two nations. For it must be observed, that the Chilian Indians have been frequently successful against the Spainards, and possess at this time a large tract of country, which was formerly full of Spanish towns and villages, whose inhabitants were all either destroyed, or carried into captivity."

While the French possessed Canada, they exerted their ingenuity to persuade their Indian allies to murder the British planters, on the skirts of the country. This practice deservedly filled every British heart with indignation and horror. When the colonies in 1775, revolted, the court of London immediately took into its pay, all the savages that could be mustered. The measure was defended in parliament. The public at large *agreed to it*, and the current opinion was, that the tomahawk and scalping knife were a suitable compensation to a race of rebellious and ungrateful wretches, who had crept into imaginary importance by the magnanimous indulgence of Britain. This was the actual style in almost every company; though it is true, that many individuals abhorred it.

When we read with attention the paragraphs above quoted from Anson's voyage, it will become evident, that there is no essential difference, as to moral rectitude, between the French in Canada, the British at Ticonderoga, and the intended proceedings of Anson at Baldivia. It was not enough to conquer the

settlement, or to plunder it; but the Indians were to be turned loose, that convents might be rifled, cities burnt, wives and daughters carried into captivity, and the whole colony overwhelmed with final destruction. When the British fleet arrived in the South Seas, a truce had been made between the Spaniards and Indians, and one part of the scheme was to seduce the latter to break it. If their chiefs attempted to preserve the agreement, they must be *deeply corrupted*; so that by this logic, when a statesman adheres to an alliance, which he can violate with advantage, his integrity is to be branded as *corruption*.

Mr. Walter tells us, that the Spanish inhabitants of Chili were “a *luxurious* and *effeminate* race,” and that there were not, at this time, three hundred stand of fire-arms in the whole province. He thence infers, that it could neither have resisted the British, nor the savages. This was the very reason why the former ought to have shunned soliciting an alliance with the latter. It is hard enough to rob and burn the houses of people who never did, nor ever possibly can injure you. But to send for a gang of miscreants to murder them, and to carry their families into slavery, is a terrible postscript to the laws of war. This was exactly the plan of Mr. Anson, and though, to the eternal regret of himself and the British nation, it did not take place, yet, the thought was so splendid, that a separate chapter is devoted to the retrospect of such delicious possibilities. After so plain a confession, it requires all our British *intrepidity of face*, to reprobate the Spanish conquerors of Mexico and Peru. We are accustomed to peruse with sympathy, the scenes of hardship and havock, that these British sailors endured in doubling Cape Horn. But, if they had fared better, their worthy chaplain affirms, that they would have covered with blood and ashes, a province containing two or three

hundred thousand harmless and helpless inhabitants. There never was a pastor and his flock, whose tenets harmonized more perfectly than in this instance. In the next chapter but one, Mr. Walter says that the Spaniards transplanted the natives of Tinian to another island, where most of them died of vexation for the loss of their native home. He enlarges on "the *violence and cruelty* of that haughty nation, *so fatal to a large proportion of the whole human race.*" This is a proper specimen of English canting. To transplant is not so bad as to exterminate. It does not appear that any one of the conquerors of Spanish America ever acted, or even projected, a scheme so completely horrid as that laid down by Mr. Anson, or his employers. Almagro, whom at his execution, Dr. Robertson has erected into an object of pity, did not want to destroy the Indians, where he could easily help it. His design was to make them slaves, for he could gain something by their labour, but nothing by their dead carcases.

The Wager was one of the vessels of this squadron, and had a crew of an hundred and sixty men. She was cast away, and about thirty persons survived a multiplicity of disasters. Captain Cheap, with three others, reached Baldivia. Part of his cargo had been cohorn mortars, and other military stores, for the special bombardment of this very town. Now let us hear what was his reception. You may every where, says the proverb, meet with a Scot, a rat, and a Newcastle mill-stone. Accordingly, in this outskirt of the world, Dr. Geddes, a Scotch physician, took the whole four into his house, and lodged them *gratis* for two years. They were invited to dine with some Spanish officers, belonging to the squadron that had been sent from Europe to counteract Anson. One of these gentlemen "made us," says Byron, "an offer of *two thousand dollars*. This generous Spaniard made "this offer, without any view of ever being repaid, "but purely out of a compassionate motive of re-

“ lieving us in our present distress.” The gift was refused, but a loan, on proper security, was accepted. In other places of Chili, also, these four buccaneers met from various individuals, and among the rest from a private sentinel, with pure and ardent hospitality.* Let the reader lay his hand on his heart, and say, whether he can seriously wish that Baldivia had been burnt, and two hundred thousand provincials enslaved or butchered? The disasters of the English squadron resemble the fate of five house-breakers, who attempt to get in at a garret window. The ladder gives way beneath them. Four have their brains dashed out, and the fifth crawls home with half his bones broken. Mr. Walter says, that in the reduction of Chili, where “ treasure was the object,” our seamen would have been “ prepared to rival the “ the most *celebrated* achievements hitherto performed by British mariners.”

We shall be told, that Anson was in the service of *his king and country*. When Lady Macbeth reproaches her husband as a coward, his answer is,

I dare do every thing *becomes a man*;
Who dares do more is none.

An officer ought to enquire whether his employment be such as he can execute with innocence. Instead of this, most of our soldiers and sailors rush into every war, with the instinctive fury of a bull dog, watching the nod of his master. They neither know, nor pretend to care, about the equity of the quarrel. Their king commands, and it is their duty to obey.

“ The province of Nova-Scotia was the youngest
“ and the favourite child of the board (of trade and
“ plantations). Good God ! What sums the nursing

* An American officer, who now holds a public situation in Philadelphia, was taken prisoner at Fort Lee, upon a Saturday. On the next Wednesday evening, the prisoners received their first meal. It consisted of rotten biscuit, which was cast into the mire, among their feet, for the Americans to pick up. This gentleman believes that the British poisoned a great part of their prisoners.

“ of that ill-thriven, hard-visaged, and ill-favoured
 “ brat, has cost to this wittol nation ! Sir, this colony
 “ has stood us in a sum of not less than *seven hundred*
 “ *thousand pounds*. To this day,* it has made no re-
 “ payment. It does not even support those offices of
 “ expence, which are miscalled its government ; the
 “ whole of *that job* still lies upon the patient, callous
 “ shoulders of the people of England.—There was,
 “ in the province of Nova-Scotia, one little ne-
 “ glected corner, the country of the *Neutral French* ;
 “ which having the good fortune to escape the foster-
 “ ing care both of France and England, and to have
 “ been shut out from the protection and regulation of
 “ councils of commerce, and boards of trade, did,
 “ in silence, without notice, and without assistance,
 “ increase to a considerable degree. But it seems
 “ our nation had more skill and ability in destroying,
 “ than in settling a colony. In the last war, (that of
 “ 1756) we did, in my opinion, most inhumanly,
 “ and upon pretences, that in the eye of an honest
 “ man, are not worth a farthing, *root out this poor,*
 “ *innocent, deserving people*, whom our utter inability
 “ to govern, or to reconcile, gave us no sort of right
 “ to extirpate. Whatever the merits of that *extirpa-*
 “ *tion* might have been,” &c.† In another part of his
 speech, the orator speaks of this board of trade and
 plantations in these words : “ This board is a sort of
 “ temperate bed of influence ; a sort of gently ripen-
 “ ing hot-house, where *eight members of parliament* re-
 “ ceive salaries of a thousand a year, for a certain
 “ given time, in order to mature, at a proper season,
 “ a claim to two thousand. It is a board which, if not
 “ mischievous, is of *no use at all*.” This nuisance
 was abolished by the efforts of Mr. Burke.

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* The year 1780. † Burke's Speech on economical reform.

T H E E N D.

